McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY. TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLIV. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1907. NO. 39

State Library 1Jul08

THE BIG FAIR DREW CROWDS IN THE RAIN.

Ten Thousand People Took in the Great McKean County Fair.

EVERYONE PLEASED WHO ATTENDED.

All Will Be in Attendance Next Year and Will Bring Their Friends With Them—Brief Account of Closing Scenes of the Fair.

Notwithstanding the fact that it rained every day but one of the dates of the McKean County Fair, it is estimated that fully ten thousand people paid admission to the grounds during the event.

The rain fell steadily Thursday forenoon and part of the afternoon, but in spite of the weather many visitors arrived from surrounding towns and as this was set aside as Bradford Day a surprisingly large delegation arrived from that city.

By the middle of the afternoon there were over three thousand people on the grounds plowing around in rain. The midway rapidly became a "muddway," and men, women and children waded around in ankle deep mud, but all were happy and no complaints were heard.

The midway attractions did a thriving business and about four o'clock a spirited running race was pulled off, then the crowd returned to the midway and took in the vaudeville shows or danced in the big pavilion.

Friday was a fairly pleasant day and the crowd numbered 3,500 when the race program was started. Three trotting races were finished and a running race also. The races were all won in straight heats.

On the elevated stage trick bicycle riders and balancing ladder artists entertained the multitudes and the little dogs made their famous high dives.

The stock exhibit attracted many sightseers and it was certainly worth walking around in the mud to see. Some of the finest cattle produced in the country were on exhibition and the fact that nearly $700 in premiums were paid to exhibitors from outside the county on cattle, sheep and swine, should prove a great incentive to the stock raisers of the county to exhibit their stock, as it is a well known fact that some of the finest cattle in the world can be found within the borders of McKean county.

The poultry exhibit was most extensive and interesting, and the ordinary individual would hardly believe there were so many different kinds of chicks in creation until he witnessed the show.

In several booths under the grand stand were numerous displays of writing, drawing, etc., entered in the contests for school work. They were especially interesting as different classes of work from the Smethport schools took premiums aggregating over $35.

Fully 2,000 people were on the grounds Saturday, which was an immense crowd when it is taken into consideration that it rained nearly all the night before and part of the forenoon.

The parade of premium stock was one of the chief events of the fair. Headed by the Citizens Band of Eldred all the prize winning horses and cattle were driven or lead around the track and countermarched in front of the grand stand. It was certainly interesting to watch the march of half-a-mile of stock. "Morocco," the largest horse in the world was exhibited at the head of the prize winners and the mammoth steers were also on parade.

Two races, a pace and a trot were finished, only three heats being necessary in each race. The vaudeville performance was given on the elevated stage and the big fair of 1907 closed.

The managers of the fair association were much pleased at the surprising crowds which were in attendance in spite of the rainy weather and it is safe to predict that next year's fair will be conducted on even a larger scale. While the expenses this year will probably exceed the receipts, the association is not at all downcast and plans are already under consideration for the betterment of next year's events.

The fair was a great big success in spite of the disappointments caused by the rain. The exhibits in every line were greater in every way than at the previous fairs and stock raising and agricultural interests are much improved in consequence.

The Citizens Band of Eldred which furnished music for the fair this year played long and faithfully at the fair grounds and also livened up matters around town several evenings during the week. The music rendered was of a high order.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

Place your order for all kinds of fancy ice cream in bricks, moulds or bulk at Brasted's. Delivery on short notice.

Garlick-Walker.

At the home of the bride's parents on Fulton street, this borough, at six o'clock last evening, Wednesday, September 25, 1907, Miss Gertrude, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Walker, was united in marriage to Mr. Bernard Truman Garlick. Rev. J. Heber McCandless performed the ceremony and the beautiful ring service of St. Luke's church was used.

The wedding service was performed under the archway from which hung a floral wedding bell and the decorations were in pink and white. In the dining room was a huge basket of asters and ferns banked with asparagus.

The bride was gowned in white wash chiffon, trimmed with valenciennes lace and heavy medallions, made on princess. The veil was an heirloom of the family. The bride's bouquet was bride's roses, white sweet peas and maiden hair ferns.

Miss Bessie McIver was maid of honor and wore a white embroidered robe over pink. Her bouquet consisted of pink asters and maiden hair ferns. Mrs. Scott Walker presided at the piano and, while the bridal party marched in, played Lohengrin's wedding march; "Before the Altar" during the ceremony and the "Bridal Song" during congratulations. Mr. Edward Walker acted as best man. The ribbon bearers were Marion Gallup and Margaret Hubbard and they carried flower baskets with pink and white asters.

After the congratulations the happy couple and the guests, which consisted of only the relatives and a few invited friends, sat down to an excellent repast which was served by Miss Lena Wright. Mrs. Allen Parks assisted in seating the guests and the lunch was served by Misses Essie and Cora Erhart, Carrie Wilkinson and Marie Purtle.

The out of town guests were Harry Urinson, Rowley McClichian, Miss Clara Innis, Mrs. James Barber, Edward Studholme, Horace Stark, Mrs. Frances Watkins.

The presents were very beautiful and useful, consisting of china, cut glass and silver.

The bride and groom departed at 7:30 in J. M. Hilton's automobile for Port Allegany where they caught the Pennsylvania flyer for Washington, D. C. The honeymoon trip will be spent in Southern cities.

The happy couple are two of Smethport's most popular people. Miss Walker is an accomplished young lady and a favorite among her young friends and the groom is the junior partner of the hardware firm of Daly & Garlick and has charge of the offices of the Smethport Gas Co. and Smethport Water Co.

Accidentally Killed His Companion.

News reached this borough Saturday of a terrible accident which befell W. W. Scott of Port Allegany and by which he lost his life. Mr. Scott and James Jordan, well known Port Allegany citizens, were out hunting woodchucks in the vicinity of the latter named town. They took different routes after reaching the hunting grounds, and Jordan was walking along carefully, with gun in readiness on the lookout for game. As he reached a small hill he saw on the ridge what he supposed was a woodchuck and quickly fired at the object.

Mr. Scott was on the other side of the hill and it was the top of his head which Mr. Jordan took to be a woodchuck. The hunter's aim was true and as a result Scott fell to the ground, mortally wounded. Mr. Jordan quickly summoned help but the victim of the awful mistake was beyond human aid. The bullet had penetrated his brain. Mr. Scott was about 32 years of age.

It is reported that when Mr. Jordan realized the full import of his deadly mistake he became crazed with grief and had to be constantly watched to prevent him from taking his own life. The frantic man was unconsolable and for a time his condition was serious.

Tuesday's Bradford Star says: The funeral services of the late W. W. Scott of Port Allegany, who was accidently killed last Saturday, while out hunting, were held at the late home at Port Allegany this afternoon. James Jordan, the friend of the deceased who accidentally fired the shot which killed Scott, surrendered himself and was immediately released.

Death of Clarence Raymond.

Clarence Raymond, a former resident of Smethport died at the home of his father, W. H. Raymond in Clarksburg, W. Va., on Sunday evening Sept. 22, at six o'clock.

He had been suffering from stomach trouble for the last several months but his condition was not regarded as serious until Friday. From that time he rapidly grew worse and died as above stated.

Besides his father, the deceased is survived by his wife and two children, Bernace and Esther, three sisters, Misses Edna and Bertha of Clarksburg and Mrs. W. H. Cunningham of Olean N. Y., and one brother, Elmer, of Clarksburg.

His wife was attending her sister's funeral in Pennsylvania and was unable to reach his bedside until after his death.

Subscribe for the MINER.

NAIL CAMPAIGN LIE

Legislators Dispose of Only Issue Democrats Have Raised.

SHEATZ SOLDIERS' FRIEND

Men Who Served at Harrisburg With Nominee For State Treasurer Tell of His Interest in Veterans' Pension Bill.

[Special Correspondence.]
Philadelphia, Sept. 24.

Members of the legislature who served with John O. Sheatz at Harrisburg have supplimented the action of the war veterans in exposing the trick of the Democratic campaign managers who sought to misrepresent the action of Mr. Sheatz as a member of the general assembly in dealing with the bill to provide pensions for old soldiers.

The war veterans of this city, by resolution and through vigorous speeches of some of their most prominent members, repudiated the campaign circular sent out by Democratic politicians of Lycoming county, in which Mr. Sheatz was held responsible for the failure of the plans to have the state provide pensions for veterans of the civil war who enlisted from Pennsylvania, and who are now residents of this state.

Without regard to party or factional affiliations, men who sat in committee with Mr. Sheatz, when the old soldiers' pension bill was under consideration, have united in public declarations which show the falsity of the charges of the Democratic tricksters.

One of the most active of the younger members of the general assembly, Representative Joseph S. Thomas, of Bucks county, has come out boldly in defense of Mr. Sheatz in a statement which leaves no room to doubt that he is speaking with absolute sincerity and candor.

Democratic Lies Nailed.

Mr. Thomas, who is editor of the Bristol Gazette, reproduces the allegations made by the Lycoming Democratic outfit in their document sent out to influence old soldiers against the Republican nominee for state treasurer. He takes up each of the misstatements of fact, and gives the truth as he knows it.

"There is not a single line that does not contain statements which I know to be absolutely untrue," declares Representative Thomas. "John O. Sheatz, in a thoroughly conscientious and businesslike manner, did everything in his power to pass the real pension bill.

"He did not add a single item nor add one dollar to the figures that was not absolutely necessary to carry the bill into effect. He did not sit along side the governor and even suggest the veto of the bill. He did not put a single straw in the way to cause the bill's defeat.

"The alleged pension bill was introduced into the Senate by a Democrat. The bill as introduced by Senator Cochran was a ridiculous farce, and if passed in that shape and approved by the governor it never could have been put into operation. One million dollars appropriation was called for, but no provision was made whatever for the machinery to put the law into motion.

Sheatz's Conscientious Work.

"The bill passed the senate, went to the house and was referred to the appropriations committee, of which I was a member. Mr. Sheatz, the chairman of the committee, realized that the senate was engaged in a game of buncome, set to work and for three weeks labored to whip the bill into shape. He called to his aid the auditor general and General Mulholland, of Philadelphia, the pension expert. Thorough calculations were made as to the amount of money that would be necessary to pay the pensions, and plans for a state pension bureau, under the charge of the auditor general were developed, with the necessary corps of clerks.

"Through General Mulholland, from the best obtainable figures, it was learned that about 55,000 were likely to apply for pensions and that the average to each would amount to $22.50. That made it necessary to appropriate $5,574,000 to cover the 15 months until the new legislative appropriation becomes available.

Let Truth Be Known.

"The amounts fixed by the house appropriation committee were carefully figured, and Mr. Sheatz worked earnestly and faithfully to make a sane and correct measure out of the farce passed by the senate. Governor Stuart, in my hearing, declared that he surely would have vetoed the bill as it came from the senate, and that the house had made a thorough bill of it and that he intended to approve it if there was revenue enough

"The house of representatives also passed a number of revenue bills which would have produced sufficient funds to pay the pensions to old soldiers, but Senator Cochran's colleagues in the senate killed every one of them, and that was the reason the governor vetoed the pension bill.

"John O. Sheatz acted fairly and squarely with the veterans. He was their best friend and labored in their behalf, while Senator Cochran trifled with a sentiment to play politics.

"Mr. Sheatz did his duty honestly and conscientiously, and has nothing to fear from the result of any examination made into its record.

Other Legislators Speak Out.

Representatives Andrew J. Pfaff and John R. Gillette, City Party members of the house from this city, and Representative Robert P. Habgood, of McKean county, are among others who have given public declarations that the charges that Mr. Sheatz did not work fairly in the interests of the old soldiers are absolutely false and malicious.

Representative Gillette, among other things, said:

"The nomination of Hon. John O. Sheatz by the Republican party for state treasurer removes the last doubt as to whether a Republican or Democrat shall fill that important office as the successor of Treasurer Berry. The good sense of the party has prevailed, and a more logical candidate could not have been named. Taking into consideration the exigencies of the situation, the nomination was a master stroke, and all factions of the Republican party can have no further reason at this time for remaining outside the breastworks.

"There is absolutely no truth in the campaign charges that Mr. Sheatz is not a friend of the old soldiers. I say this with knowledge of his work at Harrisburg in their interests."

Town Clock to Blame.

Exhausted by the strenuous life of fair week the town clock on the court house, while it continued to display the time refused to peal forth the hour the latter part of last week and maintained a massive silence for several days.

Great consternation was the result until people became used to it. Many, depending upon "Old Reliable" to announce the hour, were late for engagements. Others forgot to get up in the morning or go to bed at night. The [illegible] of the MINER office worked ten minutes past the dinner hour before he discovered the deplorable truth.

But these were mere incidents compared to the tragic happening to one prominent citizen. This said P—O— is somewhat sportily inclined by spells, and Monday night was one of them. He dallied with boon companions until an uncanny hour. Tuesday noon, while making an heroic effort to eat a lunch his wife inquired sweetly as to what time he came in the night before.

With a nonchalance born of long practice he replied, "The clock struck eleven as I was opening the front door."

"What clock?" she demanded.

"Why the town clock of course," returned the unsuspicious benedict.

Suddenly he became aware that the temperature of the room was falling rapidly, and discovered the cause to be the frigid gleam in his wife's eyes. Finally she spoke and each word was as chilly and pointed as an ice cream cone.

"Evidently you are not aware that because something is wrong with the mechanism the town clock has not struck the hour for several days."

And then the silence became so intense that the leaves on the trees in the front yard could be heard putting on their fall overcoats.

"Othello" a Good Attraction.

A small but appreciative audience witnessed the production of "Othello," at the Lyceum Monday evening by a company certainly above the average. It was the first Shakespearian production given in Smethport in a number of years and while the audience was small it was nevertheless pleased.

Edwin Burke as "Othello," was satisfactory, although somewhat too intense in places, allowing his emotions to choke his utterances until the audience would lose the effect of the lines.

Julian Richmond was a crafty, subtile and cheerfully despisable "Iago." "Desdemona" was delicately portrayed by Dorothy Quincey, and Sadee Williams was strong in the character of "Emilia." The other parts were in fairly capable hands and all in all it was a pleasing production.

Died From His Injury.

Monday's Bradford Star says: The death of Robert Hannahs, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Hannahs of East Main street, occurred at the Bradford hospital at 2:30 o'clock this morning, the result of a gun shot wound in the right lung which he suffered on August 22. The shooting affair was an accident. The lad had been out hunting with Henry Murphy and they were on their way home when the gun of the latter was accidentally discharged, the load passing through Robert's right breast and coming out below the right shoulder blade. Hannahs was taken to the Bradford hospital where he was given excellent care. It was believed that he would recover, but the wound was a serious one. A surgical operation was performed about ten days ago, but in vain, as the lad's life could not be saved. Robert was about 15 years of age. He was a bright, industrious boy, who possessed many friends.

During the coming Fair week, and until my stock of merchandise is entirely closed out, have many bargains to offer. Many goods will be sold at less than cost, and no more than cost will be charged for any article in my store.

D. C. YOUNG.

Wanted.

Girl for general housework. Inquire of F. D. Reynolds, cut glass plant.

YOUNG MEN ENLIST

Enthusiastic Recruits Among Hosts of Republicanism.

NATIONAL FIGHT COMING

Contest at the Pennsylvania Election This Fall Regarded as Skirmish of the Great Presidential Battle of Next Year.

[Special Correspondence.]
Harrisburg, Sept. 24.

A significant feature of the gathering of Republican clubmen in this city this week is the presence of so many young Republicans, many of them to be first voters at the coming election.

The activity of young men in the ranks of the State League of Republican clubs in this campaign has been the subject of general comment, and the party leaders who have been fighting the battles of Republicanism for years are elated over the accession of so many enthusiastic recruits.

The popularity of the nominee for state treasurer, the fact that he is himself a staunch member of the State League of Clubs, and that his candidacy typifies the desires of the men who seek to advance the cause of Republicanism's highest ideals may, in a measure, account for the gratifying interest taken in the present state campaign by the young men, both of the cities and the counties of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Sheatz's career in public life is calculated to inspire the youth of this commonwealth.

The story of his labors as a lad in the great Baldwin Locomotive works in Philadelphia and his subsequent success as a business man, his nomination for the state legislature in an independent district in the Quaker city, his splendid record as a lawmaker at Harrisburg, which led to his nomination by the Republican state convention by a unanimous vote for the office of state treasurer, has been studied by the young Republicans of Pennsylvania, who have enlisted in the campaign to bring about his election by an unprecedented majority for an off year in November next.

Presidential Battle Coming.

The fact that next year will be presidential year may also account for the interest taken in the Republican party organization this fall by the younger element.

Colonel Wesley R. Andrews, chairman of the Republican state committee, reports that the chairmen of the several county committees find that great interest is being taken in national politics this year, and that every one is looking forward to the coming Republican convention.

Pennsylvania will have 68 votes in that national gathering, the largest delegation, save one, that will sit in the convention; and the vote of Pennsylvania, as in the past, it is predicted, will again be potential in the national councils of the party.

In order that Pennsylvania shall maintain her proud place as the keystone of the Republican national arch, it is recognized by the young men who have rallied to the party colors in the present campaign that the vote at the coming election must show a pronounced Republican majority.

It is true that the opposition is demoralized, and is without an issue.

The danger to the Republican forces lies in over confidence and the apathy that frequently follows the absence of an aggressive opposition.

The Capitol Grafting Issue.

Nominee for treasurer, Mr. Sheatz, has reason to be proud of the ovation given him here this week by the clubmen gathered from every section of the state.

While in this city, Mr. Sheatz had several conferences with Governor Stuart. They talked over the state capitol graft cases. It is recognized that the Democrats lost their only issue when Attorney General Todd proceeded against the men who were named in the report of the legislative probers as responsible for the looting of the state treasury through irregularities attending the construction of the capitol.

With the knowledge that the pledges of the Republican party are being fulfilled, and that after the thorough probing of the capitol job, the Republican state administration is proceeding to prosecute all who had a hand in the affair, the Democrats are absolutely deprived of an opportunity to play the capitol scandal to advance their political interests.

Wales-Stull.

Married, on Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1907, at the M. E. parsonage, corner Ninth and Washington streets, Olean, N. Y., by the Rev. Hugh Boyd, Miss Harriet M. Stull, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stull of East Smethport, Pa., to Mr. Clayton B. Wales of Bolivar, N. Y.

The happy couple returned to Smethport on the evening train where a supper was served to a few immediate relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Wales will be at home in Bolivar, N. Y., after Oct. 1st.

The MINER extends hearty congratulations and well wishes to this happy young couple.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happenings in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Fifty years ago Saturday, March 12, 1857, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Taylor were united in marriage. On that day the aged widow of the happy union of half a century ago was made happy by the gathering under the roof-tree of the old homestead on Main street in this borough, of her two daughters, Mrs. N. W. Cummings, of Lampasas, Texas, and Mrs. M. A. Harm, of Bradford, who together with her son E. [illegible] and his wife, who make [illegible] with their mother, made up a family reunion in honor of the event which will leave pleasant memories in the minds of all who participated in the joyous occasion. Fifty years have witnessed many changes, but these years have apparently dealt very leniently with Mrs. Taylor, who has withstood the ravages of time to a remarkable degree. She is one of the few aged people whose hearts never grow old, and it is the wish of her host of friends that her life may be spared to enjoy more family reunions of the same kind.

Black—Varner—At the Grand Central Hotel, Smethport, March 11, 1887, by Rev. W. Bradly, Mr. George Wilson Black, of Aiken, and Miss Della Varner, of Shenango.

The many friends throughout the county of Jerry Riley, of Eldred township, will be surprised and pained to learn of the death of that gentleman, which event occurred on the morning of March 12, 1887. It is supposed that death was caused by heart disease. The deceased leaves a wife and large family of children to mourn their loss.

Brooks-King—On Wednesday, March 23, 1887, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. J. H. [illegible], Rowena Janette King, daughter of Robert King, Esq. of Smethport, Pa., to Frank Edward Brooks, of Smethport.

A young merchant [illegible] at the residence of E. H. Taylor on Wednesday, March 30, 1887. Ed. has [illegible] of being proud of the [illegible] who will no doubt in after years be of great assistance to his happy parents.

On Tuesday afternoon March [illegible], 1887, Mrs. Anson Smith, of [illegible] and Alice McCoy, eldest daughter of the Dr. McCoy, of this place, were driving toward Smethport [illegible]. When about midway between the entrance to Rose Hill cemetery and the Catholic cemetery, by some mishap, the horse, wagon and its occupants all went over the steep bank, and in a mass rolled down the hill. It is said that Mrs. Smith went nearly to the bottom of the incline before she stopped, but Miss McCoy lodged about half way down the hill. The buggy was badly wrecked, but strange as it may seem [illegible] acquainted with the place where the accident happened, neither of the occupants received any injuries [illegible]. The horse did not show [illegible] from his headlong flight [illegible] in all this was the most [illegible] from serious, if not a [illegible] we have been called upon to record in a long time. This is the third accident that has happened in nearly the same place within the past three years. With such a record as that we would ask is it not time that something should be done with that piece of road to guard against any more accidents of this kind?

A young lady of the regulation size arrived to bless the home of A. A. Wolters on Friday night April 8, 1887.

—Jimmy Dunn broke the record on heavy weight boy babies. He is now the happy papa of an eleven pound boy, and that is why he is so happy. April 1887.

Sparks—Patterson.—At the Baptist parsonage, Smethport, Pa., April 2, 1887, by Rev. C. H. Mitchelmore, George A. Sparks, of Sandusky, N. Y., to Emma A. Patterson, of Hamilton [illegible].

On April 9, 1887, at [illegible], D. W. C. Huntington, Frank [illegible] and Miss Jennie P. Dodge, [illegible] Keating township.

Anderson—Bayer.—[illegible], N. Y., April 25, 1887, by Rev. [illegible] Hubbell, Mr. Charles A. Anderson, of Colegrove, Pa., and Miss Anna E. Bayer of Jamestown, N. Y.

—Hamlin.—In Manchester, Iowa, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Augusta Shaw, March 24, 1887, after a long illness, Mrs. Lucretia Hamlin, aged 83 years and 11 months.

Mrs. Hamlin was born in New York, but removed to Iowa many years ago. She was a woman of strong mind, had read much, and possessed an unusually retentive memory. For the last five years she had been an invalid, and for two years had been for the most part confined to her bed. From her children, Mrs. Shaw and Mr. H. F. Hamlin, she received every attention and care, and her last days were made as comfortable as possible. The funeral took place last Saturday, the Revs. B. M. Amsden and W. M. Evens officiating.

The deceased will be remembered by many of our older inhabitants. She was a sister of Hiram Payne an old resident of Smethport.

Ice cream and cake 10 cents, on Saturday night at Brasted's.

The Transgressor.

By TROY ALLISON.

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The young rector of St. John's adjusted the student lamp until it threw a mellow light on the library table and then pulled down the window shades. He had just settled himself comfortably in the Morris chair when the bell rang.

In a mere man of the world the slight elevation of the eyebrows produced by the sound of the bell would have been interpreted as despair or disgust at the interruption, but the Rev. John Courtney's only attitude toward the rebellion of the flesh was that he had spent a very busy, trying day and that even ordained flesh craves rest and solitude occasionally.

"You, Miss Manning!" he exclaimed in surprise as the girl was ushered in by the rector's housekeeper.

Marion Manning sat down in the armchair indicated and was silent from the moment's embarrassment.

"I came to ask your advice, Mr. Courtney. I'm in trouble," she said finally.

The rector wondered what could have happened in the quiet town to have brought such evident consternation to his young parishioner. Since his installation as rector of St. John's, six months before, he had known the girl and had become accustomed to meeting her at every function as the life and mirth of the occasion. Her look of woe was entirely unfamiliar to him.

"I'm very sorry, Miss Marion. What has happened?" he asked, with real concern.

"Nothing has happened, but I've committed a crime against the government," she said hopelessly.

"That sounds very grave."

The rector could not for the life of him keep from smiling at the innocent look of the self confessed criminal.

The girl spoke with a flash of spirit.

"You probably will not smile when I tell you the whole of it. I don't know, but I think I could be imprisoned if it were found out."

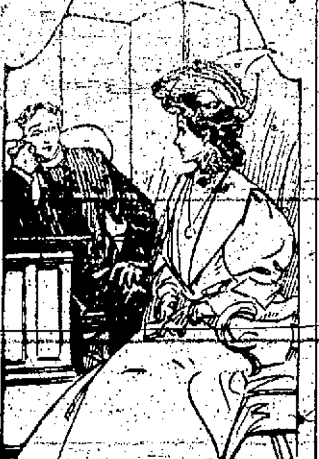
The rector still had difficulty in preserving a proper amount of gravity.

"Suppose you tell me all about it," he said.

She handed him a long official envelope.

"I have just received an appointment as a $900 clerk in the pension office at Washington," she said dolefully.

He took the envelope and looked at the appointment with less pleasure than he should have shown in view of the fact that he [illegible] the surprise, how [illegible]



"IT IS AN INVOLVED POINT OF ETHICS, MISS MARION," HE SAID FEEBLY.

hoped to hear from the civil service examination which she had taken in the spring.

"Where does the crime against the government come in?" he asked, looking helplessly from the innocent face to the dignified appointment to office.

"You know, I went to Columbia to take the examination. Well, if you remember, my friend Rose Lawrence went with me to keep me company and to buy her spring hat."

Mr. Courtney was more at sea mentally than before the introduction of a second character and a spring hat.

"Did she, er—buy the—er—hat?" he asked helplessly and from merely polite motives.

"Of course she bought a hat. You don't suppose that I have come here to tell you that we stole a spring hat, do you?" Miss Manning's scorn was withering, and the rector, who had always been considered the bravest of the brave and who owned college trophies for feats of sport and daring, sat abashed and humble before her.

"Er—certainly not—of course not, Miss Marion. I only thought I would try to talk about hats until you felt more at ease."

The girl's eyes twinkled.

"I would really like to hear you try to discuss spring millinery, Mr. Courtney, some day when I feel like laughing, but tonight—I don't feel like laughing a bit. The trouble is this: The morning the examination was held I was so sick I couldn't hold up my head, and Rose took the card admitting me to the examination and stood it for me."

The rector sat upright and gave an unministerial whistle.

"You poor little girl!" he said comprehensively.

"I have come to argue with you as to whether I can accept the appointment," the girl continued. "I want it and I need it badly. There is no doubt that I could have passed the examination as cordially, or even more so, than Rose did. We were in the same classes at school, and my marks were always higher than hers."

The rector indulged in the—to him—unusual luxury of fidgeting in his chair and mopping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"It is an involved point of ethics, Miss Marion," he said feebly.

"I want you to clear it up for me, but I'm afraid I want you to see it my way," she acknowledged.

"You have come to fortify yourself by getting me to substantiate your opinion that you are justified in accepting the appointment?" he asked slowly.

"We will accept the premises that there was no fraud premeditated, that there was no reason for your preferring Miss Lawrence to take the examination except that you were temporarily too ill. You are by education entirely qualified to fill the position, and I think we may also claim that you have a more practical business mind and a stronger physique than Miss Lawrence, both of these being recognized as desirable business qualifications."

The girl's face grew brighter, and she nodded her head eagerly.

"You don't see how you could possibly be injuring any one. If you filled the position satisfactorily, you can't understand how you could be defrauding the government. I don't see that either," the rector concluded musingly.

The girl's face beamed upon him.

"Then you think I may take it? I need it so badly," she spoke with rapid intensity.

The rector leaned over and took her hand.

"Do you think you could feel happy and satisfied, little girl?" he asked, looking her squarely in the eyes.

Her eyes wavered and finally turned away from his.

"I thought perhaps I could, if you told me it was all right," she said faintly.

"I don't know how to explain it to you—it is a proof that is powerful, yet intangibly abstract. I can logically see no wrong in your accepting the position, yet I could not be happy to do so, and I feel sure you could not either."

"But I need it so badly," she faltered. "I only have $50 a year of my own, and I can't expect Uncle James to take care of me forever. I'm old enough to be self supporting."

The rector's countenance continued steadily growing redder and redder.

"There are other things you could do," he said finally, with no trace of his usual brilliancy of speech.

"What?" she asked, her young voice sharp with the responsibility of giving up something upon which her heart was set.

"I wish you would come and make the rectory homelike for me," he stammered.

"A minister couldn't marry a fraud and a—a thief," she whispered, her face paling.

"Little girl, you are not a cheat—you simply met with a temptation. Will you go to Washington or will you come to the rectory?"

She picked up the official envelope that had fallen to the floor and looked at him hesitatingly.

"I don't think I'm good enough for a minister's wife, but you can be the judge in the case."

He caught a glimpse of her eyes and pronounced his sentence:

"Imprisoned for life, little woman," he said, taking her in his arms.

He Brought Them.

The story of how William Le Baron Jenney saved a section of Grant's army at Shiloh not only illustrates Jenney's resourcefulness as an engineer, but throws an interesting side light on the great general.

Part of Grant's troops, almost overwhelmed, were holding the river bank. It was imperative that they be brought across. Grant ordered Jenney to bring them. Jenney rode down and discovered some rusty, battered steamers which had not had fire in them for weeks. There was no wood, coal or other fuel. He rode to Grant and reported.

"What did I send you down there to do?" asked Grant quietly.

"Why," stammered Jenney, "to bring those troops across."

"Well," rejoined Grant, "go bring them."

Jenney went. He had the order. First he tore away the upper works, wheelhouses and decks and fed them to the furnaces. Nothing more was in sight. An inspiration seized him. He levied on the commissary stores, and he got up steam and brought those troops across by burning thousands of dollars' worth of hams and crackers in the furnaces.

The hams and crackers were charged to Grant's personal account, and he as a joke switched and charged it against Jenney's salary, and it was canceled after the war.—Chicago Tribune.

He Was Short.

Jonkley—Queer thing about that tall man over there. All his intimate friends call him "Short." Ponkley—Ah, just for a joke, I suppose. Jonkley—No, because that's his name.

He Knew Her.

Mrs. Boofer (meditatively over her book)—How true this is! Mr. Boofer (bracing himself)—Well, Maria, don't keep me in suspense. What is it about us men?—Puck.

Why He Let Them Wed.

Dean Pigou had a quaint old verger whose name was Sagar. Imagine him, a venerable figure with gray hair, skullcap, gown and verger's staff. In ignorance they had married a man to his deceased wife's sister. Sagar, whose business it was to settle the matter about the banns, was at once cross examined. "Oh, yes, vicar," said he, "I knowed right well! I knowed parties." "But why did you not tell me? I should have forbidden them." "Well, vicar, it was just this way, do you see. One of the parties was eighty-four and t'other eighty-six. I says to myself: 'Lord, it can't last long. Let 'em wed, and bother the lawsi'"—London News.

THE MEEK MULE.

Our Four Legged Songster That Wears Wings on Its Head.

As "Bill," the desert evangelist, once said, the mule is the only bird that has a thing to kick with and wears its wings on the side of its head. Bill got religion after he quit driving mules or else he quit driving mules when he got religion. Anyway, he knew what he was talking about.

The theory of evolution teaches us that the jackass is an unexpurgated edition of the jack rabbit, bound in leather and complete in one volume. Both have the same characteristic hind leg motion, but with the difference that the rabbit thereby propels itself, whereas the mule propels others. The latter end of the mule is hinged and has a hair trigger arrangement and is as prone to accidental discharge as a powder mill is to fly upward. Therefore it comes in military matters because of the omnipresence of the army mule with its peculiar way of making itself felt that the rear is the place of danger.

A most notable accessory of the beast is the strident and raucous vocal attachment situated up front. No means have as yet been discovered by which this mechanism can be lubricated, and the melody is a sort of cross between our neighbor's phonograph and the whistle of the pancake factory across the river. It is mostly nocturnal in its manifestation. It is a curious fact that this apparatus is controlled from the rear, for to uncork the music the beast has merely to extend its caudal appendage into a horizontal position. It is said by certain rash individuals who lean toward osteopathy that this vocal exercise may be suspended by hanging the monkey wrench to the safety valve. But I do not consider this a healthy amusement and am inclined toward absent treatment.

Although the latter end of the beast is loosely hung and the former adds insult to injury, yet, interesting as are both these phenomena, the superlative characteristic of the creature is its expression of countenance. That long ascetic physiognomy bounded by those hopeless ears and quivering lips seems infinitely sad and yearning, with that meek, long suffering, quoth-the-raven-nevermore look in its eye. You are conscious of a feeling of sympathy for this fellow creature. You reach for your bandanna and draw nigh to sympathize with its grief and soothe its plaintive mood, when, biff, you are knocked into the middle of next week, while the mule looks round with that heartbroken expression as if to say, "Such a sad accident, wasn't it?"

The moral of this dissertation is that it is time to put the cart before the horse when the horse is a mule.—Earl H. Cressy in [illegible]

MAORI TRADITIONS.

Legends and Customs of the Natives of New Zealand.

Many traditions of the Maoris of New Zealand indicate true refinement of feeling. That of Niwareka or Great Delight, is one of these and represents a gentle Maori maiden, beautiful and modest, who, though deeply loving her bridegroom, yet shudders at the barbarity of his people and at his delight in bloodshed and cruelty. Unable to bear the sights and sounds around her, she passes from his embrace and seeks the shadows of another world. Only through great suffering and sacrifice does her young husband, unable to bear his solitary lot, redeem her from the shades. This beautiful legend is bound up with the origin of the custom of the tattoo, an ordeal which the lover was compelled to endure that he might realize the nature of suffering.

One of the finest legends of old Maori romance relates how a daughter of the heavens condescends to dwell with men, but, repelled by his rudeness and want of sympathy, ascends again to the skies, carrying with her her earth born child. Her husband is only able to reach her and regain her love by "climbing upward, not by earthly tendrils, but by those which, descending from the heavens, have taken root in earth."

One curious feature of the domestic life of the New Zealand natives is that the old women are led to believe that the highest honor they can enjoy is to be permitted to do all the cooking and prepare the food. A great deal of labor is thus left to them, which they cheerfully perform, resenting any interference on the part of the younger Maori women, who thus have plenty of leisure for enjoyment.—Chicago News.

He Set a Date.

A merchant in a Wisconsin town who had a Swedish clerk sent him out to do some collecting. When he returned from an unsuccessful trip he reported:

"Yim Yonson say he vill pay ven he sells his hogs. Yim Olesen, he vill pay ven he sell him wheat, and Bill Puck say he vill pay in Yanuary."

"Well," said the boss, "that's the first time Bill ever set a date to pay. Did he really say he would pay in January?"

"Vell, aye tank so," said the clerk. "He say it ban a cold day ven you get that money. I tank that ban in Yanuary."—Harper's Weekly.

Perfectly Charming.

"You seem to find your book very interesting, Miss Maidstone."

"Yes, it is one of the most charming stories I have ever read. And so true to life. Every man in it is a villain."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Great Thinker.

Wiggs—Young Screecher is a great thinker.

Waggs—Indeed!

Wiggs—Yes; he thinks he can sing.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mothers with little children need no longer fear croup, colds and whooping cough. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup tastes good. It works off the cold through the bowels, cuts the phlegm, clears the head. For young and old. Guaranteed. Secure a bottle at once. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

An Idiot and A Princess.

By Celia Myrover Robinson.

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Woodruff knocked on the door sharply three times, but received no response. He could hear the scratch of Lydia's pen, so he waited patiently for some minutes and then knocked again. The pen scratched on at a fearful rate, so without more ado Woodruff opened the door and walked in.

"Good morning, Lydia," he said genially.

Lydia merely nodded and continued her writing with unabated zeal. Woodruff stood looking at her smilingly for some moments and then said again gravely, "Good morning, Lydia."

Lydia laid down her pen and looked up with indignation written in every line of her face. "Freddy," she said with severity, "why don't you stay at home sometimes? I shouldn't think your own mother would know you if she should meet you on the street."

"Don't be rude, Lydia," said Woodruff reproachfully, seating himself and leaning back comfortably as though he came to stay.

"I'm very busy," said Lydia, picking up her pen. "If you are going to stay, do be still. You're shaking the table."

"Lydia," said Woodruff critically, "you aren't a bit good looking when you frown."

Lydia rose and faced Woodruff with her head thrown back and an angry flush on her cheeks.

"Freddy," she said, "I told you distinctly yesterday that I should not be at home this evening."

"But you are," said Woodruff.

"I'm not home to you or any one."

"Well, honestly, I did not intend to come. I started out with the determination of going to the club. I was certainly headed in that direction, but the next thing I knew—here I was at your door. So I thought I'd come in and rest."

"Idiot!" was Lydia's rude reply.

"I know. I have sort of formed the habit of idiocy since I have known you, and it is hard to break."

"If you are tired," said Lydia, "you may stay in here and rest. I will take my work into the sitting room. Make yourself thoroughly comfortable. I will see that you are not disturbed, and you can get a good rest."

"But don't go now. I want to tell you"—

"Now, Freddie, you're not"—

"No, I'm not going to propose to you, on my honor. You know you told me yesterday if I ever proposed again you would never see me."

"So I did," said Lydia gravely. "Well, then, what is it?"

"It's—it's a plot—a fine plot for a story. Aren't you out of ideas?"

"No," indignantly, "and, if I were I wouldn't deprive you of yours."

"Oh, well, I don't mind furnishing you with a few when your stock is low. Always give of your little generously to those who have none, say I."

Lydia put her hand on the knob and opened the door with determination.

"Oh, please!" Freddy was holding the knob and her hand and looking down at her entreatingly. "Just give me fifteen minutes. You won't miss it."

Lydia released the knob and drew her hand away with a little jerk.

"If I were a man," she said, staring at the ceiling, "I'd be a man. I wouldn't spend my time aimlessly frittering around and getting in the way of people who have some object in life. I wouldn't"—

"If I were a woman," said Woodruff, staring at the carpet, "I would be amiable and gentle and considerate of other people's feelings, especially if I had broken their hearts several times, and I wouldn't be rude enough"—

Lydia sat down at the table in desperation.

"What is your plot, Freddy? Give it to me, and I will take it down in shorthand."

"That's a dear girl."

"Hurry up."

"Well, it's about a man and a girl, you know."

"A man and a girl," scribbling. "Starts off splendidly, Freddy—so original."

"The man was awfully in love with the girl, you know, and all that."

"Yes? This is really quite out of the ordinary."

"Yes, isn't it? But the man was not very much of a fellow. He was not a confirmed reprobate. He had never swindled any one. He was not a liar, and he was counted honest and straightforward among men. But he had never accomplished anything in the world, for the simple reason that he was an indolent fellow who had never had the whip of necessity to urge him to endeavor of any kind. His forbears had left him well off in worldly goods. His mother, his only living relative, spent the greater part of her time in society, and he, partly from a sense of duty and partly because he hadn't anything else to do, went about with her. His winters he spent mostly in New York and his summers on his yacht. Men called him a good fellow, and women had always smiled on him—or his money. Perhaps that was the reason at three and thirty his heart was only a little battered and was still in his own possession. It was then that he met a girl"—

"The girl?" interrupted Lydia.

"Yes, the girl. She was different from the women he had known. She was not so beautiful perhaps as some, but to him she was the most beautiful woman in the wide world—a woman to do great deeds for, like some knight errant of old, for his lady's fame. But this man, living in this prosaic twentieth century, could find no way to prove himself, but if there had been anything, any task she would have set, he would gladly have given the best that was in him to win from her a word of commendation. He did not dare at first to hope for her love. As he came to know her better he began to see how wide a gulf stretched between them. He began to realize how he must strive to be worthy even to be called her friend. He tried to shake off the old lethargy that bound him, the old precedents and customs that had molded his life, to long for something higher, nobler, more worthy of her.

"One night he sat at his window, smoking and thinking of her. As he looked up into the starlit sky he fell into a dream.

"He thought that he stood at the foot of a high mountain, the sides of which were steep and rugged. He thought that he began to climb, but always he slipped backward into the darkness and he seemed to make no progress until through the gloom a star began to glimmer, shedding its bright light before him. Following this bright, steady radiance, he began to make some headway. Step by step surer and surer his footing became, and the star shone brighter and brighter. When he had almost reached the top of the mountain it became so steep he would have slipped and fallen, when, lo, he felt a touch upon his hand, and a princess stood beside him, the princess of the star, and she led him up to the very top."

"Have you written it?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think you could work it into a story?"

"I don't know. Is that all? It ends too abruptly."

"Well, then, they went on through the starlight to the gates eternal, hand in hand. Will that do?"

"Yes. What shall I call the story?"

"You are to work it out for yourself, and you may name it what you please. I should call it 'An Idiot and a Princess.'"

"No; I shall call it 'The Man Who Tried and Won.'"

He had gone around to the back of her chair and was looking over her shoulder at her notebook.

"Why, you have written only the first few lines!"

"I can remember it." Lydia's voice was very low.

"Do you think it worth remembering?" asked Woodruff, looking down into the beautiful eyes which tried to avoid his gaze. "Do you think he was worth saving?"

"I think," said Lydia impetuously, "he was worth more than the princess. Any one can stand still and shine if others glorify them with fictitious brightness, [illegible] to climb."

"Then?"

"Then," said Lydia, rising and placing her hands in his, "let's climb the mountain together, dear."

Those Fool Questions.

"It gets me the fool questions people ask," said a big, fat, stern looking man the other day. "A man will listen to you while you tell him what you want, and then he'll ask you what it is that you want. Here's a sample: I went into a drug store over here the other day and told the man at the soda fountain that I wanted an egg milk shake. He looked at me a moment and then asked me, 'Do you want an egg in it?'

"I gave him the congealed optic and repeated my order to him. 'Egg milk shake,' I says. Once more and again the duck asks me, 'I say do you want an egg in it?'

"I thought at first maybe he had misunderstood me, but after the second time I spoke to him as follows: 'Has it ever struck you,' I says to him, 'that ingredients of an egg milk shake or any other egg drink include an egg? Egg milk shakes are not made merely with milk and bologna sausage. If you thought they were you've got about fourteen good drinks coming to you. Egg drinks call for eggs just the same as lemonade calls for lemons or strawberry shortcake for strawberries?'

"He went ahead and mixed up my drink, and I was thinking that I had taught him a lesson, but today I went into the same place, and, do you know, the duck asked me the same question. Not much hope for a man like that, is there?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Porterhouse Steak.

On almost every bill of fare are seen the words "porterhouse steak." Now, most people know what a porterhouse steak is, having on some occasion eaten one, or at least a piece of beef that went by that name, but few people know how the name itself originated. Years ago there was a hostelry near Harvard university kept by a man named Porter. Soon this tavern became famous for its viands, especially for its cuts of meats. The stranger stopping there for a meal and not knowing exactly what to order would be advised by his genial host, Mr. Porter, to order a steak. So good were his steaks that travelers often spoke of them, and gradually began referring to them as the "steaks you get at Porter's house." From that it was but a short time before they were referred to as the "Porter house steak." Since then butchers all over the country have found out the way in which Mr. Porter cut his famous steaks and have been making the same cuts themselves; hence the porterhouse steak has been served the country over.

His Motive.

Miss Plaineye—How tenderly Mr. Thoughtful cares for his wife!

Miss Caustique—Yes; it would be terrible if she were to die before she inherited her father's fortune, wouldn't it?

To cure a cold fir stmove the bowels. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup acts gently on the bowels, drives out the cold, clears the head. It's pleasant to take and mothers highly recommend it for colds, croup and whooping cough. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Equally good for young and old. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 26, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—H. W. Rubin has a new advertisement this week.

—The Yorkshire salt plant at Warsaw, N. Y. it being dismantled. This is the last of 10 salt plants that were in existence at Warsaw in 1889.

—St. Agnes Guild will serve a light lunch consisting of chocolate, coffee and cake at St. Lukes parish house on Saturday, Sept. 28, from 3 to 5 o'clock. Price ten cents.

—A. E. Sloan, assistant cashier in the Eldred bank, and Miss Ethel Tidd of Olean were married in the latter place on Wednesday of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Sloan have a number of friends in Smethport who wish them much happiness.

—The State veterinarian has been appealed to to name the mysterious disease which has carried off six cows in a herd of Arther Madison of Crandell Hill, Potter county, within a few days. The animals die in great agony in about twenty-four hours after they are stricken. Appetite fails, milk also, and swellings appear on the side of the head, followed by bloody discharges from the bowels, and later agonizing death.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—J. C. Cunningham has been appointed truant officer for the borough schools for the ensuing year. Notice is hereby given that the compulsory school law will be strictly enforced. Parents should see that all children between the ages of eight and sixteen attend school regularly. The law however does not apply to any child between the ages of fourteen and sixteen years who can read and write the English language intelligently and is regularly engaged in any useful employment or service.

—A good one is going the rounds: A certain business man in town not 1,000 miles away was sitting in the office alone enjoying a smoke, when he had occasion to use the telephone. He arose, laid the cigar on the chair and took down the the receiver when a friend stepped in the office and started to sit down on the chair. Not realizing that the operator could hear what he was saying and just as she was going to say what "number please!" in her sweetest tones, the man yelled, "Look out there, you'll burn your pants!" Communication between him and central was cut off imediately.—Emporium Press.

Judged by Their Cats.

"No, [illegible]" [illegible] New York intelligence office the other day. "I didn't engage with that family; I didn't like the looks of their cat."

"Of their cat?" repeated the owner of the office in amazement. "Why, Kittie, I'm sure they wouldn't keep a cat that was in any way dangerous."

"Not dangerous, no, ma'am, but a restless, unhappy looking creature that didn't speak well for the family," replied the girl. "I always judge a family by their cat if they have one. A sleek, comfortable pussy who comes up and rubs against you means a quiet, good natured family and one that's not worrying about ways and means, but a nervous, unfriendly looking cat reflects a household which is on the verge of nervous prostration or financial ruin or some other horrible trouble.

"I've been living with families and studying their cats for twenty-five years, and I've never known the sign to fail. A family that can't make its cat happy is one to make any servant miserable."—New York Press.

Psychologically Explained.

Mrs. Flaherty, who earns her living and maintains two clean little rooms in an uptown tenement by going out to do washing and day's work, has been a widow for many years, and entertains a strong prejudice against marriage for any but the young. "'Tis all right at that time o' life," she maintains, "but not for old people with gray hairs. Then 'tis onsuitable and the height o' foolishness." Holding these opinions as she does, it was a severe shock to Mrs. Flaherty to learn that one of her best customers, a widow of threescore and ten, was about to be married for the second time. Almost tearfully she confided her sentiments to another patron.

"Think of it! Her a-fixin' all them fine clothes and takin' as much pride in it as if she was to be a bride of twenty instead of an old woman that'll never see seventy again! Why," and her voice dropped to an awed whisper, "at her time o' life I believe 'tis the rayin' o' death is on the woman!"—New York Times.

Good Plan.

"How can I prevent the flies getting into my sugar basin?" wrote a "Constant Reader" to a journal.

"Fill the sugar basin with salt," was the laconic reply.—Pele Mele.

Your skin should be clear and bright if your liver is in normal condition. Dades Little Liver Pills act on the liver; and headache, consumption and billiousness disappear. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Lincoln's Reason.

One afternoon when Lincoln was president word came to the war department from the provost marshal at Portland, Me., that Henry Jameson, the Confederate secret service agent, was on his way to New York, where he had engaged passage for England. The war department was at once all astir.

Charles A. Dana, then assistant secretary of war, received the message and hastened at once to consult with Secretary of War Stanton, says the Ladies' Home Journal.

"How do you advise me to act in this matter?" queried Dana.

"Arrest the man at once," was Stanton's reply; "but you had better see the president before you proceed further."

Dana went immediately to the White House. As he was a frequent visitor he was readily admitted to Lincoln's private room.

"What is it, Dana?" asked the president as the secretary came in.

Dana told about the incident, and asked the president what ought to be done.

"Well," was the quiet reply, "you say Jameson will soon leave the country?"

"Yes, sir; he will escape within a few hours if nothing is done to stop him. My purpose is to arrest him."

"Well," was the president's reply, "when you have a white elephant on your hands and he's doing his level best to get away, why not leave him alone, Dana?"

And Jameson was let alone.

The "Six Hundred Ruffians."

On Feb. 23, 1835, Lord Maidstone called the attention of the house to a speech delivered by O'Connell at a political dinner in London in which he asserted that the Tory election committee of the day—or the committees appointed by the house to try election petitions, a practice which has since been abolished—had stooped to "foul perjury" in order that their friends might retain their seats. A vote of censure on O'Connell, which was moved by Lord Maidstone, was carried by a majority of nine.

A few days later a curious scene was witnessed in the house. O'Connell had to stand up in his place in the crowded chamber while the speaker, James Abercromby, solemnly "reproved" him for "the false and scandalous imputation" he had cast upon "the honor and conduct of members of the house." "It now only remains," said the speaker in conclusion, "that in obedience to the commands of the house I should reprimand you, as I now accordingly do."

The reprimand, however, made no impression upon O'Connell. "I have repented of nothing, I have retracted nothing," said he in the course of a speech he delivered when the speaker finished his task, and he concluded by moving a committee before which to prove his charges. He subsequently described the house of commons in a speech delivered outside as "six hundred ruffians."

The Poisonous Black Sea.

The Black sea, which in some parts has a depth of more than 6,500 feet, is poisoned by sulphureted hydrogen wherever the water is deeper than 1,200 feet. This accounts for the curious fact that there is no organic life below that depth, excepting perhaps some bacteria of very low order, impregnated with sulphur. The causes for this phenomenon are explained by the quick outflow of the fresh water through the Bosporus, while salt water coming from the Mediterranean enters through a deeper current into the depths of the Black sea. The waters on the surface are, therefore, controlled absolutely by horizontal currents of considerable force, and vertical currents which might carry the noxious gases from the bottom to the surface and fresh oxygen from the surface to the bottom are hardly ever noticeable. The water at great depths is so saturated with sulphuric gas by the disintegration of organic matter sinking to the bottom by reason of its weight that no fish or other living being which needs oxygen for its organic system can exist beyond a stated depth.

Station Derelicts.

In every station one may find those who do not take trains or meet them, nor attend those who do. Some come to the waiting room only to wait—respectable derelicts still hoping that something will turn up, and wrecks who have given up hope. It is a warm place in winter, the seats are comfortable, and thoughtless passengers often obligingly leave newspapers behind them. It makes good waiting. There are so few other places to wait—so cruelly few for women adrift, but not yet foundered. Sometimes, to deceive that meddlesome busybody, the station detective, they carry in traveling bags and pretend to be pulled down with their burdens, emptied long since at the pawnshops.—Jesse Lynch Williams in Century.

Nothing Doing.

The musician was visibly annoyed.

"But, hang it all," he said, "I told your reporter three or four times over that the violin I used was a genuine Stradivarius, and here in his report this morning there's not a word—not a word!"

With a scornful laugh the editor replied:

"That is as it should be, sir. When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddles advertised in this paper under $2 a line, you come around and let me know."—Los Angeles Times.

The Cure.

"How's your wife?"

"She's having constant trouble with her head."

"Can't the doctor help her?"

"No—nobody but the milliner."

A Patriot.

"Say, Freddie, what's a patriot?"

"Oh, it's one of those fellows who tries to make something out of his country."—Judge.

All men are equal—till they are found out.—Jamesport Gazette.

When Gunpowder Was New.

A curious feature about the evolution in methods of hunting was the hesitation with which gunpowder was taken up by the great nobles. Not only did it take quite a century to familiarize hunters with it, but the evidence that has come down to us shows that the humble classes were the first to use it for shooting game. Maximilian, ardent sportsman that he was, tells us himself that he could shoot further and with greater accuracy with his crossbow than his keeper could with the fire tube. To prove this he tells us the well known story of a certain chamois standing at 200 fathoms, which, after being pronounced as too far off by his henchman, who was armed with one of the first sporting firearms mentioned in print, comes tumbling down, pierced at the first attempt by the emperor's bolt. From other sources we learn of strict measures being adopted to prevent poachers and "wood loafers" using firearms, and this at a period when princes still used the cumbrous crossbow and spear. It was only in the last quarter of the sixteenth century that firearms had ousted other weapons for certain forms of the chase, the deer battue being among the latter.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Contrast.

Mr. Dapper is one of that class of men who are scrupulously neat in their personal appearance, but who every fail to leave chaos behind them in the scene of their preparations. A neighbor recently called on Mrs. Dapper and remarked:

"One rarely sees a more well kept man than your husband. He always looks as if he had just come out of a bandbox."

"Very true," returned Mrs. Dapper, "but"—with a sigh—"you ought to see the bandbox."—Pearson's Weekly.

Life is hard for many people, and we have no right to withhold any word or touch or act of love which will lighten the load or cheer the heart of any fellow struggler.—La Belle Star.

GROOMING COUNTS.

But it cannot make a Fair Skin or a Glossy Coat.

Women with coarse complexions cannot be lovely. Creams, lotions, washes and powders cannot make a fair skin. [illegible] the skin [illegible] from the [illegible] healthy condition. Take the horse, for instance. [illegible] Grooming, brushing and currying keep him a clean coat, but cannot produce the natural smoothness and gloss of the horse's skin, which is his complexion. The ladies will see the point.

Lane's Family Medicine

Is the best preparation for ladies who desire a gentle laxative medicine that will give the body perfect cleanliness internally and the wholesomeness that produces such skin as painters love to copy.

New Spring and Summer Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

Sane's
17 MAIN ST.
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 402

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS.

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

L. K. Hogarth

We have New Designs in

Hand Painted
AND
Cut Glass

Our Glass is Hawkis Standard Ware suitable for acceptable wedding gifts. We pack ready for shipping free of charge.

L. K. HOGARTH,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT

I am headquarters for

SHEET IRON
ZINC
BRASS
COPPER
and TIN

STOVE PIPE made to order, any size

Anything in the tinner's line given prompt and careful attention.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH PHONES. ROBIN BLOCK, SMETHPORT

Notice.

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court, to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of October, A. D. 1907.

First and final account of Elizabeth M. Field, executrix of the last Will and Testament of William L. Field, deceased.

First and final account of W. F. Hastings, guardian of Harvey F. Hannon, late minor child of John F. Hannon, deceased.

First and final account of John [illegible], guardian of Frederick Kepler, minor child of Helen McKelvey, deceased.

First and final account of S. D. Martin, administrator of the estate of Merritt E. Childs, deceased.

First and final account of P. J. Binkel, administrator of the estate of Gabriel Zeller, Sr., deceased.

First and final account of W. V. Gillis, guardian of [illegible] Barnes, late minor child of Thomas E. Barnes, deceased.

First and final account of Virginia S. John, co-administratrix of the estate of John Johnson, deceased.

First and final account of W. H. Leyman, guardian of Anna M. Wright, late minor child of Eva Benedict, deceased.

First and final account of F. W. Hastings, guardian of Carl F. Grimes, a minor child of Allen E. Grimes, deceased.

First and final account of S. P. Heasley, administrator d. b. n. c. t. a. of the estate of John W. McCray, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.

Smethport, Pa., September 7, 1907.

Photo Fancies

For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen

THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph; We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, rough and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing Hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help. If you would have strong Hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves—re-establish them as needed with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative
(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURD[illegible]

I have purchased [illegible] and fruit stand formerly [illegible] by John [illegible] Brownell grocery [illegible] a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc.

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

R. G. TERRY,

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street, Smethport.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 26, 1907.

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. F. BANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner,
E. R. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

Hon. A. F. Bannon of Bradford, Republican candidate for county treasurer, was renewing old acquaintances throughout the county at the Fair here last week. Mr. Bannon has a host of friends in this county and he will be elected by a large plurality.

The Democrats have very little to say politically this fall, either on State or county issues. Hon. John O. Sheatz, Republican candidate for State treasurer, is a man above reproach from any quarter and the work of the investigating [illegible] hope of a Democrat succeeding Treasurer Berry. In the county everybody knows that the only chance of defeating Mr. Bannon would be for nearly all the Republicans to stay at home on election day and his many friends will see to it that the vote is got out.

Greene county, Pa., has produced a prodigy in Stanly Wright, its youngest school teacher, who for height and avoirdupois, it is believed, stands without a peer in the State. Young Wright is a product of Richhill township, and although only 17 years old, stands 6 feet and 7 inches and tips the scales at 250 pounds and is still growing. The young giant will teach in one of the school of Richhill township, and the foolish school boy who undertakes to defy the teacher will need to be a David, and know how to throw stones.

Sheatz in Demand.

With remarkable enthusiasm and enthusiasm for an off year the Republicans of Pennsylvania are pushing their campaign for the election of John O. Sheatz as state treasurer in every county in the state.

The demand from the voters to hear Mr. Sheatz is unprecedented under the circumstances. Two weeks before the time for which his canvass was scheduled to be opened, he has had to keep upon the go responding to calls to address meetings, to attend county fairs, and to take part in gatherings of Grangers and other bodies of citizens of the grand old commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Sheatz does not claim to be an orator. He is a plain, matter of fact business man; an honest, sincere, unsophisticated man of the people. Wherever he has spoken he has made friends and wherever his pledges to conduct the office of state treasurer in accordance with the promises made at the outset of his campaign are heard, they are believed.

He has made votes wherever he has gone, whether he spoke to his old neighbors of Berks county, or to the sturdy Republicans of the adjoining county of Lehigh, where he addressed several thousands at the Republican county meeting at Emans, or to the great assemblage in Northampton that cheered him to the echo at the county meeting at Bethlehem, or at the Elks' clam bake in Allegheny county, where fully 20,000 citizens gave him a tremendous ovation, or at the meeting last week in the Kensington district of Philadelphia, where 5000 employes of the ship yards in that section saluted him as a former apprentice boy, working in overalls in Baldwin's locomotive works, and resolved to roll up a handsome majority for him on election day—it was the same story.

Sheatz—the Man of the Hour.

The man of the hour—a man to meet every requirement of a faithful, honest, economical administration of the office of state treasurer.

Colonel Wesley R. Andrews, chairman of the Republican state committee, who is working night and day to keep up with his correspondence with Republicans in every county in the state who are enlisted for Mr. Sheatz's campaign is looking forward to great results as the outcome of the activity of the members of the State League of Republican Clubs, of which Mr. Sheatz is vice president.

After addressing the club men's convention, Candidate Sheatz will go to the Hanover fair in Susquehanna county on Thursday of next week, and on the following day he is booked to address a meeting in Wilkes-Barre, where great preparations are being made by prominent Republicans to give him a cordial reception. Former Postmaster General Charles Emory Smith will accompany Mr. Sheatz to Wilkes-Barre and make a speech in favor of his election.

Wants to Meet the People.

After next week Mr. Sheatz will have a regular itinerary and will speak once or twice almost every day until the end of the campaign.

"I want to meet the voters face-to face," remarked Mr. Sheatz, a few days ago. "I want them to see what manner of man I am, and to talk to them frankly upon the issues of the campaign. I want to leave it to them to judge whether my record at Harrisburg as a member of the legislature does not justify confidence in my fulfilling all my pledges regarding the administration of the office of state treasurer."

Mad Dog Scare at Eldred.

Eldred has a mad dog scare which is giving some of the canine fanciers of that place some concern. Last Friday a strange dog went through that borough and bit at least fourteen dogs, some of them being very valuable. The dog was not killed or captured and therefore it is not known for certain whether he had rabbies or not, but several persons who saw him feel certain that he was afflicted with this terrible disease and every precaution is being taken to prevent its spread.

The councils have ordered that all dogs in that place to be kept shut up for thirty days and the police has been instructed to kill any dog found at large within the borough limits during the period.

Stomach troubles, Heart and Kidney ailments, can be quickly corrected with a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The prompt and surprising relief which this remedy immediately brings is entirely due to its Restorative action upon the controlling nerves of the Stomach, etc.

A weak Stomach, causing dyspepsia, a weak Heart with palpitation or intermittent pulse, always means weak Stomach nerves or weak Heart nerves. Strengthen these these inside or controlling nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly these ailments disappear. Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis., will mail samples free. Write for them. A test will tell. Your health is certainly worth this sample trial. Sold by All Dealers.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 21, 1907:

Prof. Wm. G. Owens, Miss Ida M. Swanson, E. A. Sherwood, Mrs. E. A. Warley.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. Gallup,
Postmaster.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by All Dealers.

Do you know that Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice in drawing out inflamation and poison? It is antiseptic. For cuts, burns, eczema, cracked hands it is immediate relief. 25 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

L. K. Hogarth has just received a large new stock of Hand Painted China and Cut Glass. Goods to be sent away will be packed free of charge.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdvoint.

All lamp troubles are done away with when GOOD OIL is used

FAMILY FAVORITE OIL

gives the highest possible efficiency in light without any of the troubles of ordinary tank wagon oil.

By the most careful process known all the heavy paraffine and light-destroying substances are removed and all the volatile oils evaporated, leaving just the pure illuminant—Family Favorite.

No better is made.
Ask your dealer.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS
Independent Refiners
OILS FOR ALL PURPOSES
Pittsburg, Pa.
BOOKLET SENT FREE

New Fall Millinery.

First Fall Opening of Millinery and Ladies' Furnishings Tuesday, Sept. 17, and continuing all the week.

You will see the very latest styles in Millinery, all the new Fall Coats, Skirts and Novelties.

A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

Notice of Administration.

In the matter of the estate of Margaret E. Wilson, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of McKean County upon the estate of Margaret E. Wilson, late of Keating Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

W. E. Wilson, Administrator.
Cyclone, Pennsylvania, September 11, 1907.

Notice.

In the matter of the estate of James Landrigan, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of James Landrigan, late of the township of Annin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

O. D. Underwood, Administrator.
Coryville, Penna., August 15th, 1907.

Olean's Big Department Store

FALL OPENING DAYS

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY

SEPTEMBER 26, 27 AND 28

A demonstration of this big store's styles and value-giving. First peep at the exquisite Hats. Opening display of Suits and Coats.

Aristocratic Garments at Commonplace Prices

New Dress Goods, new Trimmings, new Laces, new Silks, new Veilings, new Neckwear, new Underwear, new Shoes, new Wash Goods, new Fancy Goods. This store is the particular woman's style circle, and everyone comes. Our Suit and Coat section is quite the dominating factor in garment fashions.

The Millinery is Exquisite

Opening Dates—Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

Why You Should See Jamestown.

The Jamestown Exposition is no longer a prospect; it has developed into an interesting reality. Its field is distinctly historical, and it liberally illustrates by picture and reproduction the development of American civilization and American institutions from the day of the first settlement on Jamestown peninsula in 1607 through three hundred years to the present time. Famous buildings in the Nation's history have been reproduced by thirty different states, filled with memories of the olden times and of memorials of the upward march.

The National Government has taken a keen interest in the Exposition, and is one of its chief exhibitors. The display of modern warships of all nations on Hampton Roads is a unique and attractive feature, and the military manoeuvers lend a stirring touch to the daily program.

The Jamestown Exposition is a prominent event in our National history and should be visited by every American citizen who desires to see what three hundred years of American enterprise has wrought in our land.

The Pennsylvania Railroad offers attractive service via Philadelphia and its "Cape Charles Route;" by its routes via Baltimore and the Chesapeake Bay lines, via Washington and the Potomac River line, and via Washington and Richmond. The rates are reasonable and the fare varies according to the route and length of the stay.

Ask Ticket Agents for rates of fare, stop-over privileges, and time of trains.

DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY

IN THE

Grange National Bank

of McKean County,

at SMETHPORT.

Where safety is assured, under the United States Government supervision and examination.

HOW PEOPLE LOSE THEIR MONEY

By consealing it about their person; by stowing it away in mugs, jugs and jars; by sewing it up in skirts and ticks; by tucking it under the couches and carpets, in cupboards and bureau drawers; these are some of the ways by which people lose their money, and sometimes their lives.

HOW PEOPLE SAVE THEIR MONEY

By depositing it in a good, reliable bank.

Confident that this bank fully meets the public needs, we tender its services to all who believe in keeping on the safe side.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

They are all in

A new and complete line of everything for fall for men.

New Swell Suits, The Latest Raincoats, Nifty Neckwear, Up-to-date Overcoats, Sweaters of all kinds.

Everything the best, at the lowest prices.

We can fit your pocketbook as well as yourself.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher, and Merchant Tailor.

The Brownell Store

ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS

ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.

We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

New Spring Novelties in Papetries. Also a new line of Chamois.

H. C. WELLS.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES — WINES BEERS —and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan 50c

Palmer House, 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Cure Your Sick Headache

HUN-E-LAX
THE BEE-HIVE-SHAPED BOWEL BON BON

"Pure as honey." As good as it's pure. Keeps you sweet inside and outside. (2)

Hun-E-Lax keeps you well.
Cures Sick Headache.
Promotes Activity of Liver.
Imparts Regular Habits to the Bowels.
Cultivates and Stimulates Health.

10 cents—The Box of 8—all druggists
Widds Laxative Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

FALL AND WINTER SUITS

The Popular "PRINTZESS" SUITS

$16.50, $22.50 and $25.00

are ready for you and cannot help but please.

The time is at hand for judicious buyers to be preparing and we are ready to help you. Yes, we help you save, for by buying "Printzess" Suits you save dollars.

Oh, yes, about the style. Well, they are "Printzess" styles and "Printzess" styles are the newest, latest and noblest creations.

SEE THEM

THE LINDHOLM CO.

CHI-NAMEL DEMONSTRATION

At our Booth at the Fair.

Do not miss this opportunity to learn how

to secure a new hardwood floor for $2.50.

Any old floor, oil cloth or linoleum made

to look like new hardwood. Any color,

any style of grain. Lessons given free

by special instructor.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 26, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Hunting season opens next Tuesday.

—Be careful where and who you shoot.

—Better lose a partridge or rabbit than kill a friend.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Van Sickles, Sept. 17, a nine pound boy.

—Read what The Lindholm Co. has to say in their advertisement at the head of these columns.

—Rev. T. D. Ware offered his resignation as pastor of the Baptist Church and will close his work next Sunday.

—Police court business was surprising light last week, all conditions considered. A few fights and a few d. and ds. was all that was reported.

—Bell Brothers of Olean hold their annual fall and winter opening on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week. See large advertisement on opposite page.

—Bernard T. Garlick gave a bachelor dinner at the Wright House last Monday. An excellent repast was served and about 35 people assisted in his farewell to bachelorhood.

—Howard Denning, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Denning of Main street, underwent an operation for the removal of an abcess of the bowels Monday forenoon, Dr. Kane of Kane preforming the sergical work. At this writing the young man is getting along nicely.

—The Junior Auxiliary will have Miss Bradley as their guest at the Parish House on Friday afternoon from three to five o'clock. People interested in music are invited to attend and arrange for musical instruction and lessons on organ and piano, as Miss Bradley will begin her work at once.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday, Sept. 29th (St. Michael and All Angels' Day) the services will be at 8:00 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subject at the morning service will be "The Angels and Their Ministries." The subject at the evening service will be "The Dragon and His Angels."

—The C. L. S. C. will hold its annual meeting and election of officers on Monday night Sept. 30th at 7:30 o'clock in W. F. Specht's office. All members are requested to be present as well as any who would desire to become members. It has been decided to continue the study of Shakespeare during the coming year.

—The boiler for the cut glass works arrived last Tuesday and is being placed in position. When the motive power is in suitable shape the plant will be ready to do business on a large scale. About twenty people are now employed at the works, but as soon as possible it will be operated to its full capacity and employ about 150 hands.

—District Attorney Guy B. Mayo returned from Boston, Mass., Sunday night. When in that city Mr. Mayo received the rare honor of being made an honorary 33rd degree Mason. This is an honor much sought after in Masonic circles and, while Mr. Mayo is entirely deserving of the distinctions he has ample reason to congratulate himself.

—It is reported that there are several cases of the dreaded black diphtheria on Cole Creek and many others are exposed to it. The authorities are doing all they can to stamp it out. It is said to have been traced to and originated in a family that recently moved there. Let us hope that it dosn't get a foothold and become an epidemic there.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Miss Frances Bouharm of Sheloh, N. J., and Mr. Harold Blight Milward, managing editor of the Franklin Daily Herald, were married in Bradford at high noon Monday, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul P. Lyon. The bride is from one of the wealthiest and most influential families in New Jersey, and the groom is a prominent Prohibitionist, who was at one time editorially connected with the Kane Leader, and who has many friends throughout the country, who will wish the happy couple continued joy.

—The new organist of St. Luke's church, Agnes E. Bradley, will arrive in town with her mother this week, and will preside at the organ on next Sunday. Miss Bradley has studied with some of the noted professional musicians in the East and is an expert organist, pianist and teacher of music. Miss Bradley will instruct a limited number of pupils on organ and piano.

—The latest war rumor concerns the Port Allegany and Coudersport base ball teams. These clubs played a series of games for a $250 purse and Port Allegany claims to have won the series but cannot get the money, as it is claimed that team broke an agreement by hiring an ex-Interstate league pitcher, and are therefore not entitled to the money. Meanwhile the controversy waxes warm and the end is not yet.

—"The Snicker," by A. Sidney Burdick, bids fair to be a great success. It is a march with just the popular two-step "swing" to make it a favorite with dancers. The Miner acknowledges the receipt of a copy of the new publication, which is on sale at Burdick's music store. Mr. Burdick the composer, who by the way is only eighteen years of age can well feel proud of his first serious effort in the way of writing music.

—The new theatorium in the Kerr Building on Main street opened to the public Wednesday evening of last week and has been playing to good business since. Miss Zela Brasted sang popular songs last week, and the pictures were changed nightly. The building has been placed in convenient shape for its present use and is lighted by electricity. The red, white and blue lights in front of the building are especially attractive.

—While in a delirum at home Saturday night as a result of an attack of typhoid fever, David A. Swan, assistant cashier of the First National bank of Wellsboro, committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid. In the absence of his nurse, Swan jumped out of bed, went to the bathroom, where the bottle containing the acid was in a cupboard, and drained its contents. He was dead in a few minutes. He was well known throughout the community, and was 46 years old.—Coudersport Journal.

—Miss Ruth Oviatt of Smethport, Pa., arrived here last Friday for a few week's visit with her brother, Benj. P. Oviatt. She was accompanied as far as Janesville by her cousin, Miss Alberta Cory who will make her home with the family of Rev. McIntyre and attend school. It is hoped that Miss Oviatt will find enjoyment while here, through the social attention paid her, and at her departure feel that Lake Mills is not only a good place to visit, but a good place to live in.—Lake Mills, Wis., Leader.

—The fish wardens and the sportsmen of Kinzua are taking no chances on any one violating the fish and game laws and are keeping a very careful watch on the streets for offenders. Justice of the Peace Green yesterday gave a hearing to James Newark who had been arrested on a charge of illegal fishing. Newark was fined $25 and costs. The same vigilance exercised in other parts of the county would do away with much of the wholesale gigging and drawing of seines which it is rumored are daily occurances.—Kane Republican.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Personal Mention.

Hon. L. Rogers of Kane was a visitor at the Fair Friday.

Emmett Quinlisk of Buffalo was an old home visitor last week.

C. S. King of Port Allegany was in attendance at the fair last week.

G. H. Schweitser of Hazelhurst was calling on friends in town Monday.

Hon. Geo. C. Fagnan of Bradford was in town last week in attendance at the fair.

Mrs. Thomas Bahan and daughter, Mary, of Colegrove were in town Saturday last.

Mrs. J. H. Green of Olean was a guest of friends in town during the fair last week.

Mrs. S. W. Baumgardner of Buffalo was a guest last week of Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Pierce.

Mrs. Clifford Burlingame leaves tomorrow for a visit with Pinegrove, Pa., relatives and friends.

Misses Helen and Margaret McClellan were among the many Mt. Jewett visitors in town Saturday.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman and daughter, Miss Effa, left today for a business trip to Buffalo and Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Field of Canton, Pa., are guests of the latter's brother, Lewis Thomas and family.

James B. Keefe of Scranton visited his mother, Mrs. Mary Keefe of Water street, several days last week.

Mrs. Emil Jabin, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. C. Baskins, returned to her home in Buffalo Tuesday.

Mrs. Geo. H. Denning and son Gerald, returned home last Thursday after a ten days' visit in DuBois and Pittsburg.

Miss Clara Snyder of Bradford and Miss Marjorie A. Sloan of Clarion were visitors in town the latter part of last week.

Mrs. John Bender, Miss Bertha Wotenhall and Miss Eva Bender left this morning for a visit with Lancaster, Pa., relatives.

Harvey Simpler, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, a former Smethport resident, was greeting his many friends in town Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Rhesa Nodley, Miss Florence McIntire and Miss May Buchanan of Bradford visited Miss Corwin, at O. T. Chase's last week.

Miss Myra Corwin has returned to Smethport after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Corwin of East Main street.—Bradford Star.

A. S. Moorehouse, John Todd, E. E. Riggall and Ed. Riggall of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, were in town last Friday and Saturday upon a business mission. They were welcomed by many old friends, as the quartette are former popular residents of Smethport.

Before buying wedding presents call and look over my stock. L. K. Hogarth.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended

Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at

20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove,

Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

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If You want a Fall Suit That Will be

Admired

by everyone for its SMART STYLE, beautiful tailoring and GOOD FIT—a Suit that will please you in every detail—here it is, our

Pelham Sack Suit

at $12 to $20.

Many other fall Suits, in Tweeds, Worsteds and Cheviots are here—come and see them.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

Home Journal Patterns Monarch Skirts

FRY & COMES.

New Tailored Skirts

Fall style of "Quality Make" Skirts are ready for you to-day. "Quality" skirts are made for women who appreciate fine workmanship. They come from a shop where none but the most expert tailors find employment and where the designers are leaders in their profession.

In the "Quality Skirts" values play an important part—worth is not sacrificed in an effort to produce style. There is more real service in a "Quality" Skirt than in most other makes. All the favored cloths, $3.75 to $16.50.

Dress Goods

The fabrics that will be most in evidence this fall and winter are in this store, crisp and new. Better make your selections now and get your work in the dressmaker's hands—you know it will be next to impossible to get your sewing done this season if you wait another month or until you really need it. Per yard 25c to $1.50.

FRY & COMES

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are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

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You get more facts about easy running right at the crank of a separator than by listening to talk. If a separator turns easy, the crank tells you so as soon as you touch it. I am selling the lightest running cream separator made—and it's the best every way you look at it. It's

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

The Tubular is the cleanest skimming, most durable, easiest to wash separator made. The waist low can saves your back—the enclosed gears your fingers—the self oiling device saves time, uses the oil over and over and prevents dripping on machine and floor. The Tubular skimmed 2 1-2 to 9 times cleaner than any other in a National Clean Skimming Contest. The Tubular is a money maker and labor saver—it increases the butter money 25 to 50 per cent. and lessens the work of handling milk about one half. Bring your wife around to see it. Let me give you a catalog with a lot of good things in it. J. W. WAITE, Smethport.

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PETE'S BAD HOUR.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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Pete Duffy ran crouching across the freight yards, scrambling under the cars on all fours. Then, ascending to the top of the box car with the agility of a cat, he lay panting beside the footboard.

The city rose from the yards as from an amphitheater. Its spires were bathed in dust, though a red gash still showed in the west where the hostile sun withdrew after a day that had filled the hospitals. The heat was intensified by reflection from the labyrinth of rails and the metal of the rolling stock. A switch engine coughed unseen far down the yards, where harsh, jarring sounds accompanied the shunting and coupling of cars. Lanterns danced and flickered in jerky undulations.

Pete was saturated with perspiration. He pressed his chest against the slope of the car roof, where it fell away from the footboard, to still the pounding of his heart. His temples throbbed, his mouth was dry as ashes, and he breathed with wheezy sobs. Yet in the midst of his torture he listened with a sense so sharpened by predatory habit and present danger that the physical consciousness of it added to his pain.

As yet he dared not move. Voices floated to him, muffled and indistinct, and he strained his ears to catch what was being said, or, failing that, to gather from their tones some clew to the identity of the speakers. A burst of laughter relieved him. The police would not laugh.

The revolver, thrust into the tight, hipped trousers that he wore in common with his type, pressed against his ribs as he lay on it. He drew it out and placed it under the footboard within easy reach. There were still three cartridges in it. The other two had done their work—done it well, he hoped, with a grim tightening of his thin lips. Mulligan had been looking for it since the section men's down the river picnic, when Pete proved himself the better man, as everybody had declared. Mulligan deserved it, too. Couldn't he have taken a beating without making such a rumpus about it and then spinning Old Man Leary a whole string of lies? And Leary was just on the point of adding his consent to Norah's and letting them hit it off together on the next picnic down the river. Even the priest had been spoken to with Leary's knowledge.

Oh, well, there was no use whining about it now. Mulligan was soft on Norah, too, as everybody knew, and that was the real bone of contention, and Mulligan was brother-in-law to the section boss, who was supposed to have a pull with the division superintendent himself. The end was as plain now as if pronounced in the crisp tones of a judge's sentence. Mulligan was in the doctor's hands and good for at least a month in the hospital. When he came out he would marry Norah, who would be mad through the lies told her, and—and—well, he, Pete, would either have to skulk around in hiding or give himself up and take his medicine. And, of course, he had forever lost all chance of a job on the road with Mulligan.

Pete dug his nails into his palms and writhed. Remorse he had none. He would have done it all over again. What had happened was, from his viewpoint, inevitable, the one honorable thing. He would resist to the last, of course. Now that Norah was lost to him, what was the use of living?

They would search the freight yards, though they seemed to have lost the scent. The growing darkness favored him. Perhaps he might venture now on a change of position.

He raised his head. The switch engine still puffed, and the greasy reflection of lanterns glimmered in spots, their bearers hidden by intervening cars. The tracks shook with the vibration of trains passing on the main line. To the north a massive bridge overhung the yard where it narrowed. Under the arc light that snapped and flickered above it two policemen were posted, their faces blue black under the shadow of their summer helmets.

He was about to descend between the cars when the sound of approaching feet arrested him even as his hand closed upon the top rung of the iron ladder to swing off. He noiselessly cocked the revolver.

The car door rolled open. There was a scramble and the crack of a match within. Pete lowered his weapon and peered downward just as a dark form emerged from the interior, closely followed by a second. There was that in each shambling figure which needed no more than outline to declare the tramp.

They stood leaning with their backs against the sill.

"He's goin' to croak," asserted one of them. "Me for Beertown."

"You've lost your nerve. It's nothin' but the heat. I seen kids like that before."

"I tell ye he's goin' to croak," reiterated the first voice. "Listen to him breathe."

There was a short silence.

"You're a chump," the other struck in presently. "Didn't we find him lost near the yards an' lock him in the car for safe keepin'? What have we done? Nothin'—only took care of him. An' won't his folks make good when we write 'em how we rescued little Willie from hoboes up the line? It ought to be good for fifty apiece the way he's rigged out. An' you want to weaken."

A thin, querulous cry sounded from the depths of the car. The second tramp stuck his head into the door and growled a ferocious threat.

"I won't stand for it," protested the other. "It's plain kidnappin'."

"Huh! We only takes him up the line a hundred miles or so. This train pulls out at 11. It's a cinch."

"Stay with it, then, if you want to. I ain't takin' no chances with a dead kid."

The speaker dived under the rods and disappeared. His companion swore, looked into the car and hesitated. A sight of the officers on the bridge decided him, and he followed the other.

Again the cry sounded faintly from the interior. Pete hung motionless, his hand still clutching the rung of the ladder. The sound haunted him. Possibly something in the helplessness of the child dimly suggested an analogy with his own situation.

He descended the ladder and swung himself lightly into the car. It was pitch dark there, and the air was like an oven. He heard a panting, fluttering respiration and struck a match, masking the flame with his hands.

Bred in the tenements, he had seen enough of heat prostration to recognize the symptoms which precede the final collapse. A moment later he leaped down, bearing a little boy across his left arm. The child had been subjected to the terrible heat of the closed car, perhaps for hours. Terrified into silence at first by the threats of his captors and then after a little incapable of effective outcry, only this chance stood between him and death.

Pete laid him upon the road ballast and stood at bay. Between the two loomed the prison. Let the boy die. It was every one for himself. Did any one ever help him (Pete) when his back was at the wall?

A great gush of flame from a tall chimney beyond the yards threw a blood red reflection upon the upturned face of the gasping child. The man drew his hands across his eyes. In that moment from the depths of his being the soul of his ancestors enjoined upon him that atonement which was the law of their forgotten sept.

He lifted the boy across his shoulder, drew himself over the fence with his free arm and presently stood under the lights of the street outside the yards. From the bridge two officers ran toward him.

"Laugh out or you'll hurt the boy," he growled as they closed upon him. "I ain't goin' to make no fight."

Two years later the cell occupied by the prisoner was unlocked.

"You're pardoned," said the policeman.

"Why—who?" incredulously queried Pete.

"Some superintendent, Mr. Wheatley. That was his kid you brought out of the yards. He was dead wild. Say, [illegible]."

They had stood back to make room for some one behind him. It was Norah, laughing and sobbing.

Surprise For the Bridegroom.

The groom entered alone and said confidentially:

"Do you use the word 'obey' in your marriage service, Mr. ——?"

"No," said the minister, "I do not usually."

"Well," said the expectant Benedict, "I have come to ask you to marry me now, and I want it used."

"Certainly," replied the other. "It shall be done." And presently the couple stood solemnly before him.

"James T.," said the clergyman, "do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"I do."

"Do you absolutely promise to love, honor and obey her so long as you both shall live?"

Horror and rebellion struggled with the sanctities of the occasion on the bridegroom's face, but he chokingly responded, "I do," and the meek bride decorously promised in turn.

After the ceremony was over the bridegroom said excitedly aside to the grave minister:

"You misunderstood me, sir; you misunderstood me! I referred to the woman's promising to obey."

"Ah, did you, indeed?" serenely answered his reverence. "But I think what is good for one side is good for the other, don't you? And, my friend, it is my advice to you to say nothing about it, for as an old married man I can tell you you'll have to obey anyhow."—Tit-Bits.

Difficult to Inflict Pain.

The doctor smoked slowly on his cigar. It was plain that he had something to say.

"I was thinking of my early college days," he said, "and of a peculiar incident that happened very soon after I began my studies. The professor was instructing the class one day on the corpuscles of the blood. In order to get some fresh blood for microscopical examination each student was ordered to tie a rag around his forefinger and strike the tip of the finger suddenly with a needle with sufficient force to draw blood. Seems easy, doesn't it? Do you know there wasn't a man in the class that did it at the first attempt. It was funny to watch some of those embryo surgeons poise the needle with a determined air and launch it to within a hair space of the flesh and there stop dead. Others tried to force the needle in slowly, but paused very shortly, with an expression of pain commensurate to that of an amputation. I myself gave it up as a bad job and hacked a cavity in my thumb with a penknife and found it easier.

"The fact that we were very young and inexperienced is no explanation for this peculiarity, as I have since found by personal test. Almost everybody exhibited the same repugnance to inflicting pain in that manner. Try it yourself."

The other man tried and succeeded on the fourth trial.

FIRST PUBLIC CLOCK.

It Was One of the Wonders of the Fourteenth Century.

THE PEOPLE WERE PUZZLED

Parisians Couldn't Understand How the Bells Were Rung Without Being Struck by the Watchman—The Era of Automaton Ringers.

In primitive times a man was stationed at the top of the belfry to ring the bells at the indicated hours, day and night. This watchman was called the horoscopus—that is to say, the observer of the hour. He had recourse himself in order to fulfill his duty to the study of the astral system, to the number of prayers he was to recite, to the quantity of wax a candle had consumed, to the clepsydra, or water clock, and to the hourglass. The trade of the horoscopus was inevitably one of the first which the progress of mechanism was to cause to disappear.

The first clocks with bell known in France date back to the fourteenth century. Particular mention is made of one which was established at Caen in 1314 by Beaumont and that of the Palais de Justice in Paris, which King Charles V. had constructed in 1370 by the German clockmaker Henri de Vic. This machine seemed so marvelous that the inhabitants of Paris—so goes the legend—asked permission of the king to go on guard at the door of the tower to assure themselves that it was the clock and not the watchman that rang the hours.

This astonishment of the people at a period when mechanism was but just born may well be conceived in presence of a machine capable of calculating and striking the hours without the assistance of any human being, with the same precision that could be exercised by the most vigilant horoscopus.

The custom was perpetuated until the seventeenth century and still exists in certain cities of Europe of placing alongside of the clocks various automatons which ring the hours. It is due to nothing else than the thought of recalling to memory the recollection of the ancient watchman. And also the clocks with automatons catered to the popular taste of that epoch. The people of that period preoccupied themselves but little with the more or less exact measurement of time. Railroads were not in existence, and the exigencies of life were not so great as they are now. A clock which crowed and flapped its wings, some apostles who marched by, striking a blow for each hour, filled them with admiration, and in this respect no other clocks aroused so much enthusiasm as those of Lyons and Strasburg. It was a clock of this character that Henri Deux placed over the superb portal of the chateau of Anet.

Nevertheless this timepiece was distinguished from other clocks with automata by the attitude of the figures that it set in movement. Here no longer was a woman or a man who struck the hours with rusty arms. It was a majestic stag standing erect, surrounded by four bloodhounds of natural size, which appeared to be holding it at bay, that one saw on the summit of the portal. One of the stag's legs was movable, and as it was lifted it seemed to strike the hours. The four hounds opened their jaws at each striking of the quarters, and their voices were imitated by bells of different notes whose clappers were connected by wires with their lower jaws, causing them to open and shut as long as the bell ringing mechanism continued.

This curious clock exists no longer. It was sold at auction with its fixed dials for the sum of $100 when the chateau of Anet was confiscated as national property and sold with its furniture in the year 2 of the first republic.

This ancient clock was replaced in 1851 by one entirely modern and made by Wagner. The stag and the hounds in bronze were also carried away. Those seen today are in bronzed terra cotta and play no other part than to recall to memory the ancient ones and to add to the decorative portion of the portal of the chateau whose architecture, the work of Philibert Delorme, is one of the purest and most delicate constructions of the renaissance.

Besides the functions that we have enumerated, the clock of the chateau of Anet possessed on the side of the court of honor a magnificent dial, which indicated the position of the signs of the zodiac, the months, the days of the month and the moon's age.—L'Horlogerie.

The Word "Butter."

"Cow juice" is a slang term for butter in many parts of the United States. But the word "butter" itself almost certainly means something very like that by derivation. It is true that Pliny considered "butyrum" to be a Scythian word, but it seems clear that it was used by Greeks from "bous," a cow, and "turos," cheese, and meant literally "cow cheese." "Buttery," by the way, has nothing to do with butter, in spite of appearances, just as "pantry" has no connection with pans. The latter is the storing place of bread ("pain"), and the former is the late Latin "botaria," the place of the "butts" or casks.—Chicago News.

Safe.

Mrs. White (sympathetically)—So your husband is in trouble again, Maud? Mrs. Black (cheerily)—No'm; he's out o' trouble, dess now—de scoun'rel's in jail.—Puck.

The world is a wheel, and it will all come round right.—Disraeli.

AN OPTICAL DELUSION.

The Story of a Martinet Colonel, a Captain and a Sword.

The colonel, a rigid martinet, is sitting at the window of his room when, looking out, he sees a captain crossing the barrack yard toward the gate. Looking at him closely, he is shocked to observe that, the rules and regulations to the contrary notwithstanding, the captain does not carry a sword.

"Captain!" he calls from the window. "Hi, captain; step up to my room for a moment, will you?"

The captain obeys promptly, borrows a sword of the officer of the guard, the guardroom being at the foot of the stairs, and presents himself to the colonel in irreproachable dress.

The colonel is somewhat surprised to see the sword in its place and, having to invent some pretext for calling his subordinate back, says, with some confusion: "Beg your pardon, captain, but really I've forgotten what it was I wanted to speak to you about. However, it can't have been very important. It'll keep. Good morning."

The captain salutes, departs, returns the sword to its owner and is making off across the barrack yard, where he again comes within range of the colonel's vision.

The colonel rubs his eyes, stares, says softly to himself: "How in thunder is this? He hasn't a sword to his waist!" then calls aloud: "Captain! Hy—captain! One moment, please!"

The captain returns, borrows the sword again, mounts the stairs and enters the colonel's presence. His commanding officer stares at him intently. He has a sword; he sees it; he hears it clank.

"Captain," he stammers, growing very hot, "it's ridiculous, you know, but—ha! ha! I'd just remembered what I wanted to say to you, and now—ha! ha!—it's gone out of my head again. Funny, isn't it? Ha, ha, ha! Losing my memory. Never mind. I'll think of it and write you. Good morning."

The captain salutes, departs, returns the sword to its owner and makes for the gate. As he crosses the barrack yard the colonel calls his wife to his side and says, "See that officer out there?"

"Yes."

"Has he got a sword on?"

The colonel's wife adjusts her eyeglass, eyes him scrutinizingly and says, "He hasn't a taste of a sword."

The colonel: "That's just where you fool yourself. Yes, he has!"—London Graphic.

THE PICTURE CRITIC.

If He Doesn't "Quite Like the Face" That Settles It.

Some liberal minded people will admit that you cannot at sight profoundly criticise a painting, before a serious attempt to make a criticism of music, but almost anybody with eyes is willing to embark recognitionally on the job of tearing a picture to pieces. This seems to be because the picture will stand without hitting back. Moreover, it will patiently submit to all the verbal harpoons you find time and strength to throw, and the average friendly critic will find sufficient of faith to make even a reasonably good painting look like a cross between a fourteenth century St. Sebastian and a hedgehog.

Music, on the contrary, is both prolonged and evanescent, and by the time the composition is finished and the applause has quieted down the critic has forgotten most of the good things he intended to say to its detriment.

But the picture stays, irritating you by its mere passive endurance to the point where after awhile you feel that if you don't say something to destroy its smug self complacency it will go on thinking that it's all right.

So then you come in again over it, and you say, "Yes, I see now. It looked pretty good at first, but that arm is hopelessly bad, and I don't quite like the face." There's nothing to be done if you don't "quite like the face;" there's no answer to that proposition. It's a clincher. Rembrandt himself would have wilted and would probably have given up trying to be an "old master."—Everybody's.

The Word "Ale."

What could be more English than the word ale? It carries us back to the banquets of our dead ancestors in Walhalla, and some of its compounds open up vistas into that old England which is fast disappearing, becoming a tale that is told, obsolete itself. Such are alebush, a tavern sign; ale connor, "an officer appointed in every court leet and sworn to look to the assize and goodness of bread, ale and beer." Alecost, the name of a kind of tansy used to flavor the rustic's home brewed, has a good old English look. Yet it bears witness to the mongrel nature of the speech of this mongrel nation, cost being from the Greek kostos, a savory herb of species unidentified. Alegar is eager or sour ale, used as vinegar.—Cornhill Magazine.

Wellington and Waterloo.

Heine, in speaking of Wellington's good luck at Waterloo, says: "This man has the bad fortune to meet with good fortune when the greatest man of the world is unfortunate. We see in him the victory of stupidity over genius—Arthur Wellington triumphant when Napoleon Bonaparte was overwhelmed. Wellington and Napoleon! It is a wonderful phenomenon that the human mind can at the same time think of both these names."

No Chance.

"Do you think his interest in art will ever amount to anything?"

"No," answered Miss Cayenne. "He is too well off to become an artist himself and not rich enough to become a connoisseur."—Washington Star.

MONEY CHANGERS.

They Must Keep Posted on European Coins and Counterfeits.

"I never realized until today," said a man who had just returned from Europe, "what an undertaking it is to be a money changer.

"I came back with about $20 in foreign money, principally French and Italian. This I took to a money changer's to cash in.

"He looked over the coins rapidly, throwing them into little piles and putting down notes on a slip of paper. When he had cleared up the lot he said I had $10.25 coming to me.

"At first I thought he was doing me, but he was not. He showed me a dozen or so Italian coins that had been demonetized and were worth about 40 cents on the dollar. There was a nice little pile of counterfeits that were not worth a cent, and altogether only about a third of the coins that I brought home were worth their full value.

"The only consolation I had was that I thanked my stars I am in the insurance business and not in the exchange business, for my poor little brain could not carry half the things that those fellows have to remember."

The man with the coins did not exaggerate. There are thousands of different coins floating about that a money changer has to know. He has to keep in mind every demonetized coin made within the last hundred years.

In addition to that there are counterfeits. The immigrants bring over heaps of bad coins. Many of them buy up counterfeits cheap with the hope of exchanging them at Ellis Island.

Then there are the coins of the South American countries. They are worse than those of the European countries. Brazil, for instance, has a scheme all its own. Certain notes are good for ten years. After that time for every year they lose 10 per cent of their face value until the whole value is used up and—they are worth only the paper they are printed on.

As one man expressed it, you have to know the history of the world to be a money changer. A peculiar part of the business is the reshipment of coins back to the countries whence they came. Often, during the rush season one firm sends back a million coins, while it is estimated that in the course of a year $10,000,000 in foreign money is reshipped to Europe and a million to the rest of the world.

Money changing is a business just like any other. They do not exchange money; they buy it, and when you go there with foreign coins they buy them from you at a stated price. When you go there to get foreign coins you buy them from them at a certain price just as you buy eggs and cheese.—New York Sun.

Whitman on Reading.

"Reading, most of it, by candlelight, indoors up against a hot register or steam pipes, is a disease. I doubt if it does any one much good. The best reading seems to need the best open air. When I was down on the creek—Timber creek—and roamed out and along the water, I always took a book, a little book, however rarely I made use of it. It might have been once, twice, three, four, five, even nine times. I passed along the same trail and never opened the book, but then there was a tenth time always when nothing but a book would do—not tree or water or anything else—only a book, and it was for that tenth trip that I carried the book."—Extract From Horace Traubel's Daily Record of Conversations With Walt Whitman In His Old Age at Camden, N. J., in Century.

The City of Roses.

Shiraz itself is the most beautiful Persian city I saw. City of roses, city of poets, city of sunshine, it has always been famed for its loveliness. Under the brown hills and amid the gardens of roses and oranges there lived the poets Saadi and Hafiz and many another sweet Persian singer. Thence has come any inspiration which has ever animated the nationality of Persia, nor does this seem strange to one who has known days spent in the brown walled, cypress studded gardens and nights wrapped in soft stillness and bewitched by the power of the mystic Persian moon.—Wide World Magazine.

Worth Seeing.

In a certain preparatory school in Washington, says a contributor to Harper's Magazine, an instructor one day made the statement that "every year a sheet of water fourteen feet thick is raised to clouds from the sea."

"At what time of the year does that occur, professor?" asked a freshman. "It must be a sight worth going a long way to see."

Gave Him a Start.

Doctor (to patient)—Your heart is rather irregular. Have you anything that is worrying you? Patient—Oh, not particularly. Only that just now when you put your hand in your pocket I thought you were going to give me your bill.—London Telegraph.

Sounded Bad.

Mrs. Dashaway—Yes, while we were in Egypt we visited the pyramids. They were literally covered with hieroglyphics. Mrs. Newrich—Ugh! Wasn't you afraid some of 'em would git on you?—Philadelphia Record.

Which?

"If you feel chilly," said he, as they strolled, "remember I have your shawl here on my arm." "You might put it around me," she said demurely.—Philadelphia Press.

Let not things, because they are common, enjoy for that the less share of our consideration.—Pliny.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. F. Halgood, Bradford.
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Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
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Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
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Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
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Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
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W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. [illegible], meets [illegible] Thursday afternoon of each month, at [illegible] in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible], meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 45, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rc. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 24, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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ANNETTE AND THE ANGEL CHILD.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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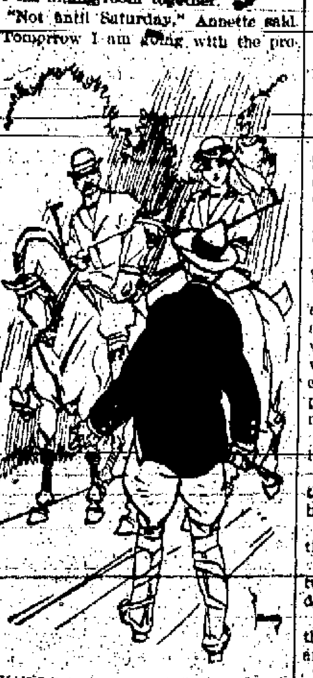
Annette was from Baltimore. She was little and brown haired and coquettish. The angel child had come out of the west. He was big and blond and the strongest man in the summer school.

"Why do you bother with him?" Annette's best friend asked reproachfully.

"He amuses me," said Annette and flashed a bright glance across the table, which glance the angel child met with rapture.

"Will you go for a walk with me?" asked the angel child as they went out of the dining room together.

"Not until Saturday," Annette said. "Tomorrow I am going with the professor of chemistry, and on Thursday I go with the professor of English, and on Friday I go with the lecturer on pedagogy."



"MAY I TAKE YOU HOME?" HE ASKED.

"But the lecturer on pedagogy is married," said the blond giant, staring at her.

"But he is very nice," said Annette, "and his wife is not here."

The angel child stalked on in silence for a moment, and then he stammered, "I wouldn't if I were you."

"Wouldn't what?" asked Annette.

"Well, I wouldn't walk with the lecturer on pedagogy," said the angel child.

"I don't think it is your affair," Annette told him with dangerous sweetness, "and if you don't mind I will break that engagement to walk with you on Saturday. I don't like to be lectured."

"He was perfectly right," Annette's best friend scolded that night as Annette sat on the foot of the bed in a distracting red kimono and recounted the conquests of the day. "You haven't any right to walk with a married man."

"I don't want to take the walk," Annette confided, "but I won't be lectured—not by the angel child."

"I don't see why you take such an interest in him," said the best friend. "That baby stare of his is perfectly idiotic."

"That's why I call him the angel child," Annette said. "He's positively seraphic at times."

"But he wears such clothes!"

"He is studying forestry," Annette reminded her. "He can't robe himself in white flannel."

The best friend sat up in bed and eyed her severely.

"You know you will lead him on and he'll fall in love with you, and then—you'll break his heart."

"Who knows?" said Annette, but her eyes laughed, and her best friend said:

"You haven't any heart. Oh, you haven't any heart, Annette!"

On Friday Annette took her walk with the lecturer on pedagogy. Halfway up the hill that led to the High rock they met the angel child. Ostensibly he was studying trees, but he joined them and walked with them to the top of the hill, and when they came down he walked with them to the school.

"I won't have you chaperoning me," Annette told him that night furiously.

He blushed deeply.

"I won't have you talked about. I love you too well."

"Oh," said little Annette, "do you really love me?"

"You know I do," said the angel child. "And I know it is hopeless. But that doesn't make any difference. I shall love you just the same."

"Now see what you have done," said Annette's best friend when the little lady told her.

Annette, braiding her long brown locks for the night, looked through her lashes.

"He's big and strong," she said dreamily. "The other men seem like dwarfs beside him."

"He's like a baby in your hands," said the best friend. "You have broken his heart."

"It won't hurt him," Annette affirmed. "Every man has to fall in love, and why not with me?"

But it did hurt him, and he left the boarding house where Annette took her meals, and when she met him going to and fro from the class rooms he looked pale and weary.

Annette, however, continued to flirt with the lecturer on pedagogy.

"You are getting yourself talked about," said the best friend. "you are seen with him so often."

"He's the only interesting man here," Annette sighed wearily. "The professor of English and the professor of chemistry are sticks, and the other professors are old, and the angel child has forgotten me."

"What?" exclaimed the best friend.

"Yes," Annette said, "he doesn't love me any more. He thinks of nothing but trees. I haven't seen him for two weeks. He doesn't love me any more."

She curled herself up on the couch so that her face was away from her friend, but her voice quivered.

"I believe you are crying," said the best friend.

"I am not," sobbed Annette, and her best friend flew to her and put her arms about her and they turned off the lights and talked about it in the dark, and Annette confessed that she loved the angel child.

"But he has heard the things about me and the lecturer on pedagogy and he doesn't care any more. And when he didn't care I began to care," said little Annette.

"Of course," said the best friend.

After that Annette flirted more recklessly than ever, and on the last Saturday of the term she went for a ride with the lecturer on pedagogy.

On the way the lecturer quoted Browning.

"It's our last ride together," he quavered sentimentally.

The road led them in and out and in and out between lines of tall bushes, and there was a stretch of woodland where the trees met overhead and where it was so quiet that all the forest seemed to listen as the lecturer on pedagogy leaned over and kissed Annette.

"Oh," cried Annette with her eyes blazing, "how dare you!"

"You might have expected it," said the lecturer on pedagogy calmly; "you have flirted with me for five weeks."

"But no gentleman would do such a thing," said Annette.

"Most gentlemen do," said the lecturer on pedagogy and leaned over to do it again.

Annette gave a little cry, and just then out from the bushes stepped the angel child.

He stood in the middle of the road, barring the way, and he looked straight at Annette.

"May I take you home?" he asked, ignoring the lecturer on pedagogy.

"Oh, if you will!" she wailed and held out her hands to him.

"I shall take her home," said the lecturer on pedagogy, frowning darkly. "Stand out of the way."

But the angel child set his shoulders like a young giant.

"I don't think we will argue the case," he said. "I shall take her home."

And the lecturer on pedagogy, tilting to the length and breadth and strength of the tall young man, muttered an invective and rode away alone.

Annette was sobbing with her face in her horse's mane.

The angel child touched her hair with tender fingers.

"Don't cry," he begged, "don't."

But Annette sobbed on. "I didn't dream he would do such a thing."

"Any man would be—tempted."

"But he is married, and that makes it wrong."

"Then, as I am not married would it be right"—

His tone was eager. He was standing close to her, and as Annette looked up and saw the adoration in his blue eyes she substituted the lapel of his coat for the horse's mane and sobbed comfortably on his shoulder.

Amazement and rapture were blended in his glance as he bent over her.

"Would it be right—if I kissed you?" he stammered.

Annette's eyelashes fluttered up from her tear wet eyes.

"Oh, why didn't you do it five weeks ago?" she reproached him.

A Quaint Picture of Harvey.

He (William Harvey) was not tall, but of the lowest stature, round faced, olivaster complexion; little eie, round, very black, full of spirit; his haire was black as a raven, but quite white twenty yeares before he dyed. I have heard him say, that after his booke of the Circulation of the Blood came out, that he fell mightily in his practize, and that 'twas beleeved by the vulgar that he was crack-brained; and all the physitians were against his opinion, and envyed him; many wrote against him. With much adoe at last, in about twenty or thirty yeares time, it was received in all the Universities in the world; and, as Mr. Hobbes sayes in his book "De Corpore," he is the only man, perhaps, that ever lived to see his owne doctrine established in his lifetime.

He was much and often troubled with the gowte, and his way of cure was thus; he would then sitt with his legges bare, if it were frost, on the leads of Cockaine house, putt them into a payle of water, till he was almost dead with cold, and betake himselfe to his stove, and so 'twas gonne. He was hott-headed, and his thoughts working would many times keepe him from sleepinge; he told me that then his way was to rise out of his bed and walke about his chamber in his shirt till he was pretty coole, i. e., till he began to have a horror, and then returne to bed, and sleepe very comfortably.—Aubrey's "Lives."

A Grateful Gush.

Sandy McQuirk (to porter, who has been about ten minutes looking after his luggage)—Mon, I con-see-der ye've been verra obleegin. Wull ye tak' a peench o' snuff?—London Tit-Bits.

HE MADE ONE MISTAKE.

Quaint Persian Tale of the Taming of the Shrew.

In Persia a wealthy man will often have a friend of whose society he is fond living in the house with him. Abdullah was such a friend to Aly Khan, a very wealthy and influential merchant of Ispahan, who was delighted with his charm and cleverness and so pleased with his services that he thought he would make a very good son-in-law and suggested him as such to his beautiful daughter. She was very overbearing and bad tempered, but, thinking that Abdullah was rather good looking, she agreed to it. They were married. Soon his friends came to congratulate him, among them Housseyn, who was known to have a very overbearing and bad tempered wife. He said, "I congratulate you on your marriage," and then he asked the bridegroom, "Are you really happy with a woman who is known to have such a bad temper?" "I assure you that she is perfectly charming and that I am perfectly happy." "May I ask how you manage it?"

"Certainly," answered Abdullah. "On the night of the marriage I went into her apartments in full uniform with my sword on. She did not take any notice of me, but put on a supercilious air and made a parade of stroking her cat. I quietly picked up her cat and cut off his head with my sword, took the head in one hand, the body in the other and threw them out of the window. My wife was amused, but did not show it. After a few seconds she broke into a smile and has been a most submissive and charming wife ever since."

Housseyn went straight home and put on his uniform and went into the harem. The domestic pet came to greet him. He seized it with the hand that was accustomed to caress it, drew his sword and with a single blow decapitated it. At the same moment he received a blow in the face delivered by his shrewish wife and before he recovered from his astonishment a second and a third. "I can see to whom you have been talking," the lady hissed, "but you are too late. It was on the first day that you ought to have done this."

A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH.

The Forcefulness of Native Customs In Morocco.

In Morocco, the Balod-el-Maghrib (the land of the setting sun of the Arabs), the Lex Talionis is as much an integral part of the social system as are life and death. The Moors, it may be said, are frankly brutal. They have a certain rude code of honor to which they adhere when convenient, but among themselves they deduce every possible excuse for not fulfilling engagements with the giaour.

On the other hand, they are extremely punctilious in exacting full measure from Europeans with whom they have dealings, and many stories might be told showing how Moorish judges mete out justice to their own people to the detriment of the alien.

For instance, it is not very long since that a British subject riding through the Soko (or market place) at Marakesh had the ill fortune to push against a half blind old woman, who, falling to the ground, broke off two of her front teeth.

The Englishman promptly offered compensation. It was refused, and the injured woman before the local caid demanded that her innocent aggressor should have two teeth knocked out in retribution for her injury.

Protest followed on protest against this exaction until finally the matter was carried to the sultan himself.

That potentate (and this instance is given to show the forcefulness of native custom) begged the Englishman to comply with the old woman's demand and publicly sacrifice his incisors, in return for which oblation he granted him concessions which have made that English merchant and his family foremost among the wealthy foreigners in Morocco.—London Spectator.

A Fitting Question.

Jim, who is six and thinks he is a man, got into a crowded car with his nurse. The nurse got the last seat, and two ladies made a little place between them for Jim and squeezed him in. Presently a portly lady got in, and Jim, the pink of courtesy, rose and lifting his hat offered his place. It was embarrassing. Afterward nurse explained to Jim that he must be careful in offering a seat, as a place that was large enough for a boy might not accommodate a lady. Next time he was in a car and a lady got in Jim leaned over to nurse and in a stage whisper asked, "Lizzie, do you think she'll fit?"—New York Press.

Motion and Heat.

All visible motion when arrested becomes heat, even that of running water. If we take two pieces of solid ice and rub them together, they can be heated by the friction until the melting point is reached. If we should pour water into an ordinary rotary churn and turn the crank, the mechanical energy exerted against the water will be transformed into molecular energy, and the water will be warmed in proportion to the amount of mechanical energy expended.

Character.

According to an old French saying, "A man's character is like his shadow, which sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him and which is occasionally longer, occasionally shorter, than he is."

Few men have been admired by their own domestics.—Montaigne.

PHILLIPA'S SIMPLE LIFE

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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"And so you are going in for it in dead earnest, rusticity, breakfast foods and all?" teased Keith Hilliard, smiling as he spoke, for Phillipa Ramsay, in the role of reformer, was a person to conjure with. She wore an air of finality that Keith had never seen before, and in her dark eyes was the gleam of an unalterable purpose. The box of chocolates that he had brought her remained untouched on a table near by—a silent witness of Phillipa's change of heart.

Even her house dress had a touch of earnestness. The trailing, shimmering gowns that had always seemed part and parcel of her personality were replaced by gray homespun. Her hair was drawn back smoothly from her brow and coiled low on the back of her neck. Most significant of all—from beneath the edge of her skirt peeped forth a pair of slippers with low heels.

"Life," said Phillipa seriously, "is altogether demoralized. We spend too much time over fuss and feathers. We are hampered by all this"—a wave of the hand included the unobtrusive luxury of the Ramsay drawing room, its books and pictures and softly shaded lamps. "If we had just the simple necessities and no more, think how quietly and sanely we should live. From this time on I am done with the frills of existence. And tomorrow I leave for the mountain camp where I shall spend the summer with half a dozen people who share the same point of view."

Hilliard's lips twitched a little.

"Isn't this rather—rather sudden?" he queried.

"It's none the less sincere," returned Phillipa spiritedly.

"And that means you are done with the city and the things of the city forever?"

"Forever!" echoed Phillipa solemnly. "Oh, Keith, think how beautiful it is going to be! Dawn and sunset and storm and a glimpse of the stars through the open tent flap! And to sit around a blazing fire and eat the things prepared with our own hands!"

"And where do I come in in this new and splendid scheme? Am I never to see you again, or am I to subsist on letters?"

"If you would only join our colony!" Phillipa glowed with enthusiasm. "Mr. and Mrs. Marsden and Richard Renwick and"—

"It sounds alluring, but meantime what would become of my clients?"

"You could give up the law altogether," said Phillipa serenely, "and become a woodsman."

"This is only June. Perhaps I'll run up two months later," said Hilliard, lingering over his goodby.

"Do," urged Phillipa, apparently unaware of the look he bent on her, for her eyes had the far off gaze of one who was seeing visions.

It was a clear morning on the 1st of August that Hilliard walked briskly down the slope leading from the Hillcrest hotel to the lake and boathouse below. On one side stretched the velvet expanse of the golf course, where a chattering group were starting an early game; on the other was the tennis court, the rackets of the players flashing in the sun. Sounds of "Fifteen love!" reached Hilliard as he stepped into the launch that was waiting at the boathouse landing. He gave his directions and then settled back on the cushioned seat.

Camp Idle Ease was five miles away, at the other end of the lake, a place rendered secluded by reason of its rocky approach, which required the coolness and precision of a well trained boatman. The launch flashed through the water at full speed, but not fast enough to suit Hilliard's impatience. It was weeks since he had had more from Phillipa than a hasty postal card, and his blood raced at the thought of seeing her. As the launch neared the landing, steered in and out between the moss greened bowlders, he scanned the shore for a glimpse of her. Some one in a gray walking skirt was stooping over a smoldering fire. She raised her head. It was Phillipa.

"Oh, Keith," she cried, "you've come at last!"

The hand she held out to him was brown and hard. The mark of a burn ran from wrist to elbow. She was worn and thin, and a tiny furrow showed between her brows. On the ground lay a pile of pots and pans and what seemed to be the charred remains of a day's baking. But Hilliard tactfully ignored the signs. He chatted of mutual acquaintances, of all that had transpired since he and Phillipa had last met. It was only when he mentioned that he was stopping at the Hillcrest hotel that Phillipa paused to refer to her present mode of life.

"It's beautiful!" she declared in a tone that held more of challenge than of comment.

"Sure!" he agreed heartily. "The air is simply great! But where are the others?" he asked, with a glance at the seemingly deserted camp.

"Oh, two have gone for a walk and one to pick flowers, and two are writers and have a place where they work farther up in the woods."

"And one does the dishwashing and baking and tends the fire," said Hilliard, with a keen glance.

Phillipa flushed.

"To each his portion," she quoted.

"And to some a triple portion. Apparently this is one of those camps where there is one worker and five shirkers."

"If you came here to criticize"— began Phillipa.

"But he it from me," said Hilliard hastily. "By the way, the day after tomorrow we're having a hop at the hotel. It promises to be quite an event."

"I suppose there are a lot of girls there," said Phillipa, bending to stir the fire.

"Swarms!" cried Hilliard, with enthusiasm. "Well, goodby, Phillipa. I'm awfully glad you're so happy, and I'll see you soon again."

"Won't you stay for luncheon?" urged Phillipa in a tone which implied that he had better not.

"Thanks, no. I've got to get back. Sky looks as if we might have a bit of a squall, doesn't it? All prepared?"

"We can take care of ourselves, I think," said Phillipa, with dignity.

Hilliard's weather prophecy came true with a rapidity and violence that kept the guests at Hillcrest housed for two days. "The squall," as Hilliard expressed it, "settled into a good long cry," with the rain coming down in torrents and never clearing till the night of the dance, when Hilliard set off in a sailboat to see Phillipa.

When he reached Camp Idle Ease it was all in darkness, with every evidence that its occupants had retired for the night. The sagging canvas of the tents was sodden and blown awry, the campfire was a dreary smolder of damp wood and ashes, and as Hilliard stepped gropingly forward the ground oozed and sozzled underfoot. Suddenly from some place on his right came the sound of a muffled sob, and, peering through the blackness, he saw a huddled figure on the rustic bench the camp possessed. There was no mistaking that dark head bowed on the circled arms.

"Phillipa!" cried Hilliard.

She raised a startled, tear wet face.

"I thought you were at the—the hop," she quavered, her voice failing and breaking on the last word.

"Without you? Not much!"

"But those other girls"— Phillipa's tones were still muffled.

"Girls!" For a moment Hilliard was utterly bewildered. Then a light broke in on him. He laughed outright.

"Why, Phillipa, surely you know there never was and never will be any one else but you! As for the hotel—your aunt and uncle are waiting there for you now. And they've brought your trunks—all of them. I thought," he went on, "that if you knew how much it meant to me you'd change your mind and come. You're not angry with me, are you?" he added as Phillipa turned away her head.

Phillipa's voice held something strangely like a sob.

"Angry! Oh, Keith, before you came tonight I was the most miserable girl in the whole wide world! I find the simple life isn't what I planned at all. I'm tired and sick and disgusted. Somehow the brunt of it seems to come on me. All day long I work, and at night I dream of greasy dishes to be washed and a kettle that won't boil, and tents that let in the rain, and"—

"There, dear, I know. But remember it's over and done with. And it's getting late, and your aunt will be anxious, so hadn't you better run and tell those other campers that you're coming with me?"

A few moments later Hilliard's sailboat was skimming in the direction of the Hillcrest. Phillipa sat in the stern.

"When a woman," she mused, "has to choose between a mode of life and the man she loves, it doesn't take her very long to make up her mind. Rusticity and simplicity may be all very well, but felicity is best, after all!"

What Hungarian Partridge Is.

A writer in Die Woche warns tourists against the temptations of the bill of fare and commends the old German adage, "What the peasant knows not he will not eat." "Special or national dishes," he says, "should be avoided because in order to appreciate them one must be accustomed to them. We always form an idea as to what these dishes should taste, and our first experience with them is always disappointing. If you must eat these national products of the kitchen, order them in the best hotels or at the first class restaurants, for there they are idealized by careful preparation and superior ingredients." The writer gives special warning against the dishes with queer names which are served in Austria and advises tourists to ask what these preparations are before ordering and eating them. As an example he quotes "Hungarian partridge," which may be found on nearly all bills of fare. This is really a dish made of pork, "leavings"—namely, ears, tails, muzzles, etc.—"and as little like the name as the Englishman's cheese preparation is like a Welsh rabbit."

Artificial Freckles.

The tobacconist started guiltily. On a table before him lay a row of cigars, a row several yards long, which he was spraying carefully with a brush dipped in a clear liquid with an ammoniacal smell.

"But you are a connoisseur," he said blandly. "You know that the little brown specks on a cigar wrapper mean nothing; hence I don't mind telling you what I am about.

"The stuff I am spraying on these weeds is a patent acid that costs $2 an ounce. I mix it with ammonia, and every drop of the mixture that I cast on a cigar wrapper makes a brown freckle—a brown freckle exactly like those natural ones that raindrops and the sun form on the growing tobacco leaves of Cuba.

"You see, many smokers ignorantly imagine that a cigar's excellence is determined by the freckles on its wrapper. I am pandering to this ignorance now. It is disgraceful, but it pays."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CART TAIL FLOGGING.

This Peculiar Punishment Flourished In England Up to 1830.

Although flogging at the cart's tail is generally supposed to have ceased after 1827, various instances are on record up to 1830 when a man convicted of robbery from the person was slowly paraded through the principal street of Saltash "with bare back and flogged at the cart's tail, to which one of his hands was lashed at either side. Two men, armed with cat-o'-nine-tails, laid on heavily and were scolded by the beadle or crier in uniform for not hitting harder." The punishment was sometimes reduced to a farce when the administrating hand had been well "oiled" or belonged to a soft hearted officer of justice, as in a case mentioned by the poet Cowper where the thief was the only one concerned who suffered nothing.

A youth had stolen some ironwork at Olney. "Being convicted," says Cowper, "he was ordered to be whipped, which operation he underwent at the cart's tail, from the stone house to the high arch and back again. He seemed to show great fortitude, but it was all an imposition upon the public. The beadle who performed it had filled his left hand with red ocher, through which after every stroke he drew the lash of his whip, leaving the appearance of a wound upon the skin, but in reality not hurting him at all. This being perceived by Constable Hinschcomb, who followed the beadle, he applied his cane without any such management or precaution to the shoulders of the too merciful executioner.

"The scene immediately became more interesting. The beadle could by no means be prevailed upon to strike hard, which provoked the constable to strike harder, and this double flogging continued till a lass of Silver End, pitying the pitiful beadle, thus suffering under the hands of the pitiless constable, joined the procession and, placing herself immediately behind the latter, seized him by his capillary club and, pulling him backward by the same, slapped his face with a most amazonian fury."—St. James' Gazette.

CRAZED WITH WEALTH.

Mad Days In Melbourne When the Gold Fever Was Raging.

Gold threatened to become as common as silver in the days of Solomon. In one year £12,000,000, in eight years £95,000,000, were won. Some men at Golden Point made as much as £400 each a day. Another exceptionally lucky party unearthed thirty-four pounds of gold in one day. No wonder that such "pockets" were termed "jewelers' shops!" Occasionally a nugget worth £10,000 was unearthed. The result of this sudden influx of wealth, gained without labor and with risks which are infinitesimal as compared with Klondike, was the temporary demoralization of the population. Melbourne in the height of the gold fever has been described by one who knew it well as "a fevered, drunken, delirious pandemonium." The lucky ones—and there were thousands of them—squandered their riches in the most reckless fashion.

Some of their fantastic tricks would scarcely be credited were they not attested by witnesses still living. The game of ninepins, we are told, was played with bottles of champagne, for which he who broke the least had to pay. Dozens of the same costly wine were emptied into tubs and drunk from tin pannikins, spirits and beer being added to give "body" to the beverage. One man, in imitation of Caligula, shod his horse with gold. Sandwiches made of bank notes were devoured. Silver wrapped up in bank notes was thrown to popular actresses instead of flowers. In fact, money was so plentiful that the reckless diggers could not "knock it down" fast enough. They thought they had only to dig a few feet in the earth to get plenty more, and for a time it almost seemed as if this were so. Such were some of the characteristics of Victoria's hot youth.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Youth, Manhood, Old Age.

The life journey may roughly be divided into three stages, each lasting about twenty-five years. Scientifically speaking, one is a "youth" until he is twenty-five, a "man" from twenty-five to fifty or fifty-five, after which "old age" begins. During the first period the rule is growth, during the second equilibrium, during the third decline. In the first repair exceeds destruction, in the second the repair and destruction balance each other, while in the third destruction exceeds repair. From twenty-five to fifty-five a man should be at his best, but after that time he begins to lose ground; the machinery is running down, however slowly and imperceptibly it may be, until around about seventy or seventy-five the "old age" is visible even to the dullest eye.—New York American.

Two Fakes.

They met by chance at an afternoon light lunch at the Bohemia, a literary and artistic club.

"And what," said the one in the velvet coat, "is your specialty?"

"I write autobiographies of great men," answered the one with long hair. "What is yours?"

"I," was the reply, "paint Raphaels."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Financial Difference.

Small Boy (to his artist father)—Papa, what's the difference between an artist and an artisan? Father—An artisan, my son, is the kind of an artist who earns $6 or $7 a day and doesn't have to wait for his money.—Circle.

Learn to see in another one's calamity the ills which you should avoid.—Publius Syrus.

It is claimed indigestion is the National disease. That's why the demand for Rings Dyspepsia Tablets keeps increasing because they do the work. Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, bloating, etc., yield quickly. Two days treatment free. Ask your druggist about them. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Don't worry about your kidneys when you can obtain 30 days treatment of Pinules for $1.00. These little globules bring relief in the first dose. Backache, Lumbago and Rheumatism yield quickly. If not satisfied your money refunded. This is a fair offer you can't lose. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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DO YOUR LEVEL BEST.

Put the Right Spirit Into Your Work and Keep Your Ideals High.

Put the right spirit into your work. Treat your calling as divine, as a call from principle. If the thing itself be not important, the spirit in which you take hold of it makes all the difference in the world to you. It can make or mar the man. You cannot afford grumbling service or botched work in your life's record. You cannot afford to form a habit of half doing things or of doing them in the spirit of a drudge, for this will drag its slimy trail through all your subsequent career, always humiliating you at the most unexpected times. Let other people do the poor jobs, the botched work, if they will. Keep your standards up, your ideals high.

The attitude with which a man approaches his task has everything to do with the quality and efficiency of his work and with its influence upon his character. What a man does is a part of himself. It is the self expression of what he stands for. Our life work is an outpicturing of our ambition, our ideals, our real selves. If you see a man's work, you see the man.

No one can respect himself or have that sublime faith in himself which is essential to all high achievements when he puts mean, half hearted, slipshod service into what he does. He cannot get his highest self approval until he does his level best.—Success.

A GIRL'S HEELS

Her Shoes Said to Be an Index to Her Character.

"If you want to know whether a girl is slovenly or not, look at her heels," said the wise woman to the young man who was contemplating matrimony. "Her gown may be pretty, her hat becoming, her neckwear trim and neat and her gloves well fitting, but if her heels are run over look out for her. Her trimness in other respects simply denotes that she is neat spasmodically, that she will make an effort to keep things tidied and in order only when she is urged to or because she has some special provocation. But by nature she is slack. The man that marries a girl with perpetually run over heels will find her coming to the breakfast table as soon as the honeymoon is over in a tumbled kimono and with her hair in curl papers. She never will be a good housekeeper.

"On the other hand, I've seen girls who maybe did not have such a trim appearance, whose hair was apt to be a little flying, but whose heels rested evenly on the ground, and never did I discover they were in the slovenly class. Maybe they were not careful enough of outward appearances, but they kept their buttons sewed on, rips repaired, spots sponged off and their rooms in immediate order."—Exchange.

Envy.

"I wish I were strong and healthy and magnificent as that man over there," sighed the delicate, thin man, "but, then, it isn't worth while to envy people, to envy anybody, in this old world. I had a friend once who was taller than he and finer and more magnificent, a man of splendid physique. You'd think, to look at him, that he would have lived forever, but he is dead now. Died of some slight trouble of indigestion that a delicate man might have lived through, and this is all I have left to remind me of him, this ring with this handsome intaglio. It is almost priceless to me and, in fact, almost priceless of itself. Intaglios are very rare these days. This is exceedingly rare. Some time I will send you a letter and seal it with the ring, so you can have the intaglio also to remind you that it isn't worth while to envy anybody in this old world."—New York Press.

Bismarck as a Drinker.

When Bismarck was in London in 1843 he was invited to visit the famous brewery of Barclay & Perkins, and his hosts, having heard of his reputation as a beer drinker of great prowess, presented to him an enormous tankard of old ale, in the confident expectation that he would be obliged to admit himself vanquished by it. "I seized the tankard," Bismarck told Sir Charles Dilke, who recounted the story, "and I thought of my country and drank to Prussia and tilted it till it was empty. Then I thanked my entertainers courteously. I hope—and succeeded in making my way as far as London bridge. There I sat down in one of the stone recesses, and for hours the great bridge went round and round me."

The Great American Boss.

The average American is blase almost before the English girl is ready to leave her school, says a writer. The English girl never leaves her governess and home before she is eighteen, while at the same age the American girl has seen much of the world. Yet the American girl retains her vivacity and her interest in everything, and it is that one quality, I think, above all others that wins for her the admiration of the Englishwoman. The American woman never looks to her husband as master, while the Englishwoman is taught to do so from her birth.—Tit-Bits.

Makes One Feel Worse.

It is a fact that one cannot tell how bad he really feels without feeling worse. The way to feel good is to not talk too much about your ills. Think how well you are, how well you have done and feel good about it, and if there is anything the matter with you think it won't last long and that it is not worth thinking about.—Exchange.

A Rebuff.

"Do you think your father would like me as a son-in-law?"

"Yes, I believe he would."

"Oh, joy! I"—

"Papa and I never agree about anything, you know."

Lovers' purses are tied with cobwebs.—Italian Proverb.

A CLEVER REPORTER

He Got the Interview Word For Word and Took No Notes.

Interviewer—I have come to get your views on the proposed change in the curriculum of the school.

Mr. Swelhead—Curriculum! What's that mean? I'm against it, whatever it is.

Mr. Swelhead (reading the report of the interview in the next morning's paper)—"Our distinguished townsman, Mr. M. T. Swelhead, was found at his charming home, surrounded by abundant indications of ripe scholarship and sturdy common sense. In reply to our representative's questions he said: 'I do not desire to force my opinions upon the public, but this I will say, that I have given to this question long and studious attention, incidentally examining upon the curricula of institutions of learning, both at home and abroad, and, although I found in the existing course of study not a few matters for condemnation, still I cannot say that I should advise any radical change until I have further time to examine into the subject.'" By George, that fellow's got my exact language word for word. And he didn't take notes, neither. Jiminy, but what a memory that fellow must have!—London Telegraph.

A London Lad's Prayer.

W. Pett Ridge, a London writer, made a London boy in one of his stories offer the following rather original prayer: "Lord, wilt thou 'ave the kindness to make me grow strong and tall and with plenty to say for meself, and wilt thou do this as soon as thou can find time, so's to save me expense and waste of money that might be used in other ways—say for a cricket bat? Believe me, Lord, thy obedient servant, A. Martin."

He rose. He was halfway into his blue flannel bed gown when an important idea occurred to him, and he knelt down again quickly.

"Should 'ave mentioned," he whispered, "Elfred Martin of 53 Cawstle street, just over Surrey side of Southwark bridge."

Feminine Nerves.

There are nervous women; there are hypernervous women. But women so nervous that the continual rustle of a silk skirt makes them nervous, no, there are no women so nervous as that!

Pain anywhere, in the head, painful periods, Neuralgia, toothache, all pains can be promptly stopped by a thoroughly safe little Pink Candy Tablet, known by Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Pain simply means congestion—undue blood pressure at the point where pain exists. Dr. Shoop's Headache tablets quickly equalize this unnatural blood pressure, and pain immediately departs. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., and get a free trial package. Large box 25 cts.—Druggists. Sold by All Dealers.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no Quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, LaGrippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial Boxes 5 cts. Sold by All Dealers.

SEE
WHAT'S
HERE!

The New Suits for Fall have come.

They are now in stock and waiting to be looked at.

There are a lot of new things in colorings and in patterns.

The cuts are a little different from last season.

We wish this announcement to be your invitation to look over this new stock.

It may be early; you may not need a suit now, but the experience of looking will be a treat.

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Modern, scientific
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Painless extraction of
teeth. Over 25
years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made by R. W. Hilton, H. W. Rubin, Robert Bauer, M. P. Straight and G. B. Mayo to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m., under the provisions of an Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, P. L. 73, and the several supplements thereto, for the charter for an intended corporation to be called Smethport Chemical Company, the character and object of which is the manufacturing and marketing acetate of lime, wood alcohol, charcoal and other products of wood from distillation, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

E. R. MAYO & SON, Solicitors.

August 21, 1907.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1907,

at 1 p. m., the following described pieces of property:

1

Defendant's interests in all those certain pieces or parcels of land, leasehold, estates and oil rights, situate in Hamlin Township, McKean County, Penn'a, and bounded and described as follows, viz: All that certain leasehold estate situate, lying and being in the Township of Hamlin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on lands of Elisha K. Kane and Elizabeth D. Kane and Evan O'N. Kane and demised and leased unto F. W. Andrews, L. E. Andrews, O. P. Boggs, J. H. Rathbone, J. Rosenberg, W. L. Curtis and J. M. Armstrong, by the said Elisha K. Kane and Elizabeth D. Kane and Evan O'N. Kane, by written indenture of lease bearing date as hereinafter set forth, years from the date thereof for—purposes and Recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County in the various Books as hereinafter recited. Said leasehold being bounded and described as follows:

1st. All that certain tract, piece, parcel or lot of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant 2690. Beginning at a post, the Northeast corner of land of J. T. Griffith in Lot No. 5, thence by the center of the Big Level Road north 82 degrees 30 minutes East one thousand thirty-nine (1039) feet North 88 degrees 30 minutes East two hundred ninety-four (294) feet and South 82 degrees 30 minutes East one hundred eighteen feet to center of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal Railroad; thence Southwardly by said Railroad on a 6 degree curve to the left eleven hundred seventy-five (1175) feet and on a 2 degree curve to the left sixteen hundred five (1605) feet; thence by the North boundry of Warrant 2691 West eight hundred ninety (890) feet; thence by land of J. T. Griffith in Lot 5 North 1 degree 30 minutes West sixteen hundred (1600) feet to the place of beginning. Containing Forty-three 83-100 Acres (43.83 A.). Being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated October 21st, 1880, and recorded in Deed Book 52, page 415, &c.

2nd. All those certain petroleum or oil rights in and under that portion of Town Lot No. 5 lying in Warrant No. 2690 in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania. Beginning at a post the Northeast corner of Lot 6 thence by the Big Level Road North 82 degrees and 15 minutes East fifty-five 5-10 (55.5) rods to a post; thence by land of Elisha K. Kane South 1 degree 30 minutes East one hundred thirty-seven 46-100 (137.46) rods; thence by the North boundary of Warrant 2691 (and of land leased by Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews) North 80 degrees 47 minutes West fifty-six 1-10 (56.1) rods; thence by the East boundary of Lot 6 North 1 degree 15 minutes West one hundred thirty 9-10 (130.9) rods to the place of beginning. Containing forty-seven 1-10 (47.1) acres, being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated October 21st, 1880, and recorded in Deed Book 52, page 412, &c.

3rd. All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land in Hamlin Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 2691. Beginning at a post and stones the Southeast corner of land leased to Taylor and Torrey; thence by the East line of said leased land North 1 degree and 25 minutes West two hundred twenty (220) rods; thence by land leased to Armstrong, Boggs, Curtis, Rosenburg and Andrews parallel to the South lines of Lots 8 & 7 East forty-eight and 13-100 (48.13) rods; thence parallel with the East line of Taylor and Torrey lease aforesaid South 1 degree 25 minutes East two hundred eighteen 8-10 (218.8) rods; thence by the South line of Warrant 2691 South 89 West forty-eight 13-100 (48.13) rods to the place of beginning. Containing Sixty-six (66) Acres. Being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated August 27th, 1880, and recorded in Deed Book 52, page 410, &c.

4th. All that certain tract, piece or parcel of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 2690. Beginning at a point in the center of the Big Level Road or Kane Street in the Village of Mt. Jewett eight rods West of the intersection of the center of the bridge on said street over the center of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Coal Railroad; thence following said road or street N. 85 degrees 30 minutes W. two 1-10 rods, south 88 degrees west eighteen 8-10 rods and south 89 degrees 15 minutes west one hundred 3-10 rods; thence by the east line of Farm Lot No. 26 north 1 degree west ninety-three 7-10 rods and north 2 degrees 30 minutes west fifty-four 8-10 rods to a post; thence by the north lines of Farm Lots Nos. 23 and 4 south 84 degrees 45 minutes west one hundred nineteen 4-10 rods; thence by land leased to Taylor and Torrey north 1 degree 15 minutes west, forty-one rods; thence by the south boundary of land of Robert Halsey and others in Warrant 2688 north 89 degrees 45 minutes east two hundred seventy-five 1-10 rods to a post; thence south 1 degree east one hundred thirty-four 2-10 rods; thence south 86 degrees west thirty-five 12-100 rods; thence south 1 degree east forty rods to the place of beginning. Containing One Hundred Ninety-five 1-4 Acres. Being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated October 26th, 1880, and recorded in Deed Book 59, page 109, &c.

5th. All those two certain pieces, parcels or tracts of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, parts of Warrants 2691, 2692 and 2697, one parcel beginning at a post marking the southeast corner of Warrant 2691 being 155 rods north of the north east corner of Davis, Moffitt and Hewells Lumber lot as surveyed by G. H. Lyon in December 1883, thence by the South line of Warrant 2691 S. 88 degrees 45 minutes W. 145 rods thence S. 4 degrees 10 minutes E. 155 rods, S. 88 degrees 45 minutes W. 155 rods thence by land under option to lease to Taylor & Torrey N. 4 degrees 10 minutes W. 155 rods; thence by the south line of Warrant 2691 S. 88 degrees 45 minutes W. 0.2 rods to a beech tree N. 38 degrees W. 10.6 rods to a chestnut tree and S. 88 degrees 45 minutes W. 55.37 rods; thence parallel to the general course of the west boundary of Warrant 2691, northwardly 218 8-10 rods thence east 18 17-100 rods north 83 82-100 rods and by Lots 4 and 5 about 125 rods to the southeast corner of Lot 5 thence by said lot north about 90 rods; thence by the south boundary of Warrant 2690 Eastwardly about 82 rods to the center of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal Railroad thence by the said Railroad southwardly about 70 rods; thence by the southern boundary of land embraced in a lease between Elisha K. Kane and F. W. Andrews dated March 1st, 1889, eastwardly about 104 rods to the east boundary of Warrant 2691 and on the same course a further distance of 214.5 rods to the east line of land of Chas. Roos; thence by the boundaries of said land S. 11 degrees 30 minutes E. 97 rods; S. 89 degrees 37 minutes W. 124 rods and S. 88 degrees 30 minutes W. 130 rods to a post and stones thence by the east boundary of Warrant 2691 S. 1 degree 15 minutes E. 164.80 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 150 Acres in Warrant 2692, 618.5 Acres in 2691 and 77 acres in Wt. 2697, a total area of 845.5 Acres. And the second parcel comprising all those reserved petroleum for oil rights in and under those portions of farm lots No. 5, 6 and 7 in Warrant 2691 bounded and described as follows: "Beginning at the southeast corner of lot 5 thence by the south line of lots 5, 6, and 7 west 126.9 rods thence N. 1 degree 30 minutes W. 33 68-100 to a post and stones, thence by the south line of Warrant 2691 east 126.9 rods; thence by the east line in lot 5 S. 1 degree E. 33 2-10 rods to the place of beginning. Containing Twenty-six 5-10 Acres more or less. Being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated May 15, 1881, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 53, page 143, &c.

Also, all my interest being the undivided one-fifth (1-5) of the undivided seven-eighths (7-8) interest in and to those certain leaseholds in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: All the certain reserved petroleum or oil rights in and under certain farm lots in Warrant 2703, Hamlin Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, described as follows in two parcels to-wit: One parcel comprising the Smith lot, the Collinge lot, the J. E. Kon lot, the J. Mellander lot, and the James Nelson lot and containing together three hundred nine acres. Beginning at the northeast corner of said Collinge lot 60 rods north of the Big Level Road thence by land of John Carlson and land of Clarence Mellander westwardly (S. 86 degrees W.) 214 8-10 rods; thence by land of Niles Nelson south 41 rods thence by center of Big Level Road westwardly 15 rods; thence by the west and north lines of said J. Mellander lot south 85 1-2 rods; west 53 rods, south 72 7-10 rods to the southwest corner thereof, thence by the south boundaries of the Mellander, E. Kon, Nelson and Smiths lots (N. 86 degrees E.) eastwardly 291 4-10 rods to the southeast corner of the Smith lot; thence by the east boundaries of the Smith & Collinge lots northwardly 168 3-4 rods to the place of beginning. Being parcel of those petroleum rights reserved in one of three deeds from the McKean and Elk Land and Improvement Company to T. S. Kane to L. L. Smith and to Wm. Smith recorded in McKean County Deed Book U, page 368, Deed Book Q page 61 and Deed Book —— page —— respectively and the other parcel comprising Lot A containing 59 acres, Lot No. 1 containing 51 acres, Lot 18 containing 48 acres, Lot B containing 40 acres, Lot C containing 52 acres, the August Carlson Lot (divided between J. H. Nelson and Cariny Lundon) 40 acres and the Cariny Lundon Lot containing 15 acres. Containing together three hundred twenty-three acres. Beginning at a post the northeast corner of the Cariny Lundon Lot; thence by the boundaries thereof south 84 rods, west 90 5-10 rods, north 80 rods, west 8 rods, north 21 7-10 rods and by the centre of Big Level Road N. 78 degrees E. 17 rods thence by the west line of land in lot 17, north 172 5-10 rods; thence by land of Enterprise Transit Company east 102 rods; thence by the John P. Mellander lot south 84 5-10 rods, east 184 rods and south 12 rods, thence by the boundaries of lot 19 S. 60 degrees E. 4 rods N. 73 degrees E. 16 rods, N. 77 degrees E. 16 rods N. 63 degrees E. 20 rods N. 40 degrees E. 13 rods N. 54 degrees E. 15 rods and N. 1 degree 15 minutes E. to land of Enterprise Company (the seven last named courses being given at a variation of three degrees west of three meridian); thence by said land east 62 rods; thence by the east line of lot 18 south 84 rods; thence by the east and south boundaries of lot 1 south 100 rods southwestwardly 84 rods and along the Big Level Road northwestwardly 20 rods; thence by the boundaries of the parcel first above described north 69 rods west 84 5-10 rods south 41 rods westwardly 15 rods south 85½ rods and west 53 rods; thence by the west boundary of Nelsons part of August Carlson lot north 77 rods, and by the Big Level Road S. 78 degrees 31 minutes W. 9½ rods to the place of beginning. Being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to L. E. Andrews and J. H. Rathbone by Articles of Agreement dated March 20, 1890, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. No. 56, page 112.

Also, all my interest being the undivided one-fifth (1-5) of the undivided seven-eights (7/8) interest in and to all the petroleum or oil right or real estate interest in the petroleum or oil in and under or embraced in the seven parcels of land or reserved mineral rights in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, hereinafter described to-wit: The first parcel comprising the petroleum rights under the John P. Mellander lot in Warrant 2703 containing forty-five acres, and adjoining piece of nine acres between the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal Railroad and the Buttsville Road as the same have been reserved to roads following. Reserving the petroleum thereon and the right of entering freely at all times for the purpose of exploring for, producing, digging, mining or carrying away the same together with the right to divide or subdivide into parts or parcels at pleasure and sell lease transfer or assign the same or any part thereof at will. Provided the sufficient compensation is made to the part of the second part (to wit the owner of the surface or soil) for any of the said land which may be occupied for the production, removal or storage of mineral values and likewise for any injury done to improvements situate thereon. The second parcel comprising the lot containing twenty-seven acres described in deed to Elisha K. Kane recorded in McKean County in Deed Book 41, page 103, &c., together with a strip or tract adjoining the same on the south and comprising portions of land conveyed to Elisha K. Kane by deeds respectively recorded in Deed Book 41, page 103, &c., and Deed Book 38, page 1, &c. Beginning at the southwest corner of said 27 acre lot and running thence north 88 degrees 30 minutes east one hundred eighty-five rods; thence north 87 degrees 30 minutes east fifty-nine 10-100 rods; thence south 0 degrees 30 minutes east thirty-nine 3-10 rods to a hemlock tree corner of land of the Enterprise Transit Company; thence by said land on said course a further distance of sixty 7-10 rods; thence west to the center of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal Railroad; thence by the centre line of said railroad northwardly to intersection with south line of lot 11 (formerly of Lars Magnusson) produced thence by said line east eighty-three rods; thence north 0 degrees 30 minutes west thirty 5-10 rods thence east ninety 5-10 rods to the place of beginning. Containing two hundred thirty-six acres more or less. The third parcel comprising one hundred thirty-one acres conveyed to Elisha K. Kane by deed recorded in Deed Book 37, page 118, &c. The fourth parcel comprising sixty-three 65-100 acres namely two lots conveyed to Elisha K. Kane by deeds respectively recorded as follows: one for thirty 35-100 acres in Deed Book 35, page 418, &c., and one for thirty-three acres in Deed Book 35, page 415, &c. The fifth parcel comprising one hundred fifty-four acres described in deed to Elizabeth D. Kane recorded in Deed Book 29, page 4, &c. The sixth parcel comprising forty-one 22-100 acres bounded on the west by the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal Railroad, on the north and east by the fifth parcel and on the south by the second parcel. The seventh parcel comprising one hundred acres the southern half of a tract of two hundred acres in Warrant 2705 lying west of lands of Enterprise Company in said Warrant. Being the same property leased by Elisha K. Kane and Elizabeth D. Kane to L. E. Andrews and J. H. Rathbone by Articles of Agreement dated March 20, 1890, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 56, page 102.

Also, All my interest being the undivided one-fifth (1-5) of the undivided seven-eighths (7/8) interest in and to all that certain piece, parcel or lot of petroleum or oil rights in and under Farm lots Nos. 31 and 35 in Warrant 2690, Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania. Beginning at a post set by G. H. Lyon in the south line of Warrant 2690 at its intersection with the west line of lot 34 to mark the northwest corner of land leased to F. W. Andrews thence by the said west line of lot 34 south 36 degrees 30 minutes east 112 5-10 rods; thence by the south lines of lots 35 and 31 south 66 degrees west 42 4-10 rods to a post the southwest corner of lot 31, thence by the west line of lot 31 northwestwardly such a distance that a line run north 60 degrees east parallel to the south line of the farms will intercept twenty acres of said Farm lot 31; thence by the west line of lot 35 northwestwardly to the south line of Warrant 2690 aforesaid, thence by land leased to Taylor and Torrey in said Warrant 2690 north 88 degrees 30 minutes east, to the place of beginning. Being the same property leased by Elizabeth D. Kane to O. P. Boggs by Articles of Agreement dated November 11th, 1891, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 60, page 301, &c.

Also, All my interest being the undivided one-fifth (1-5) of the undivided seven-eights (7/8) interest in and to all that certain tract, piece or parcel of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, parts of Warrant 2692. Beginning at a post and stones, the southwest corner of Warrant No. 2691, thence by the west line of Warrant 2692 south [illegible] degrees east three hundred fourteen 2-10 rods to the southwest corner of said Warrant 2692, thence by compromise line run for the south boundary of Warrant 2692 and north line of lands of Robert Halsey south eighty-six degrees east two hundred fifty-five 2-10 rods to a post on the east bank of West Clarion Creek; thence ascending the said Creek on a general course N. 15 W. eighty-two 4-10 rods; thence north twenty-one degrees twenty-five minutes east two hundred sixty-seven 9-10 rods to a post and stones; thence by land in Warrant 2691 leased to Taylor and Torrey south eighty-nine degrees twenty minutes east one hundred fifty-five 5-10 to the place of beginning. Containing four hundred fifty-one 07-100 acres. Being the same property leased by Elisha K. Kane to L. E. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated December 18th, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 56, page 117 &c.

Also, All my interest being the undivided one-fifth (1-5) of the undivided seven-eights (7/8) interest in and to that certain leasehold estate situate in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, designated as follows, to-wit: Being three hundred eighty-one acres in Warrant 2688 the same being more fully described in a certain lease from Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews dated July 16, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book No. 53, page 392, among the records of McKean County, Pennsylvania, reference thereunto being had and more fully and at large appear. Also all my interest being the undivided one-fifth (1-5) of the undivided one-fourth (¼) interest in and to all that certain leasehold estate situate in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows to wit: Beginning at a post the southeast corner of lot No. 8; thence by the east line of said lot N. 3 E. 166 rods and by lot 8 on same course 148 rods to a post thence by the north line of lot 4 S. 87 E. 58 rods and by the north line of lot 23 on same course 60 rods to a post; thence by the east line of lot 23 south 3 west 144 rods, thence by the center of the Big Level Road south 83 west 18 rods; thence by the east line of lot 6 south 3 west 128.1 rods; thence by the south line of Warrant 2690 north 87 west 70.9 rods to a post; thence south 8.50 west 33.8 rods; thence by the south line of lot 7 north 87 west 90.3 rods to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred ninety-three 28-100 acres more or less. Being parts of Warrants 2690 and 2691 in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, viz: 187 acres in Warrant 2690 and 6.28 acres in Warrant 2691 and lying in and under the following Farm lots and portions of Farm lots: Lot 4, 51.93 acres; lot 7, 47.66 acres; lot 23, 54.5 acres; and lot 6, 39.19 acres. And also a second parcel comprising all petroleum or oil in and under a tract of land in Warrant 2691 beginning at a post the southeast corner of land of Bengt Lumberg in lot 8 aforesaid; thence by the south line of lot 7 (comprised in the first parcel above described) eastwardly 90.3 rods; thence by land embraced in lease to F. W. Andrews dated May 15th, A. D. 1880, parallel to the west boundary of Warrant 2691 as run by G. H. Lyon in August, A. D. 1889, south 1.30 east 88.32 rods; thence parallel to the south lines of lots 8 and 7 west 61.3 rods; thence by lands leased to Taylor and Torrey parallel to the west line of Warrant 2691 as run by G. H. Lyon as aforesaid north 1.25 west 88.32 rods to a post thence by the south line of lot 8 east 30.9 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 34 acres more or less. Being the same property leased by Elisha K. Kane to J. M. Armstrong, O. P. Boggs, W. L. Curtis, J. Rosenberg and F. W. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated September 30th, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book 52, page 204, &c.

Together with all and singular a like interest in the One Hundred and Ten oil wells located on the lands and leaseholds estates above described and the One Hundred and Ten engines, One Hundred and Ten wood rigs, Sixteen boilers, all casing, tubing, sucker rods, tanks, tools, rope, pipe, fitting, connections, &c., to the said wells belonging or in any wise appertaining, save and except such property of the Pipe Line Company as may be in, under, over or upon the said lands.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of O. P. Boggs at the suit of E. D. Wood, Assignee of L. E. Andrews.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a stake at the northeast corner of Pike and Mechanic streets; thence east along the north line of Pike street, forty-eight (48) feet to a stake; thence north on a line parallel to Mechanic street forty-five (45) feet to a stake; thence westerly forty-seven (47) feet more or less, to a stake in the East line of Mechanic street, thence south along the East line of Mechanic street fifty-five (55) feet to the place of beginning, and being the same property conveyed to W. E. Johnson by Armanda E. Davis and husband by deed of even date herewith.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house with a basement.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of W. E. Johnson, Defendant, and W. E. Johnson, Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth J. Johnson, Terre Tenant, at the suit of G. C. Murray.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4

Defendant's interest in all that certain parcel or lot of land situated in the 5th Ward of the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Being lot number 13 B fronting twenty-five (25) feet on High street as shown on the High street Survey Assessment Map made by J. F. Hannon, Jr., City Engineer, said map being on file in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book Vol. 181, at page No. 564.

Improved and having thereon one one-story and basement frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Isabelle Jane and Blanche Huff and William T. Huff (Blanche Huff is now intermarried with John McCrum) at the suit of City of Bradford.

F. P. Schoonmaker, City Solicitor.

5

Defendant's interest in all those certain pieces, parcels or lots of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows, to-wit:

First. The north-eastern part of lot 18, in Warrant 2708; beginning at the northwest corner of lot No. 1; thence north one degree 15 minutes east 54 rods to the south line of Warrant No. 2703; thence by land heretofore conveyed to the Enterprise Transit Company, south 87 degrees east 330 rods to a post; thence south 1 degree 15 minutes east 54 rods to a post, the northeast corner of lot No. 1; thence by said lot north 87 degrees west 330 rods to the place of beginning, CONTAINING 21.56 acres. Reserving thereout the right of way of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal and Railroad Company, one hundred feet in width, also the right of way of the Big Level & Kinzua Railroad Company 80 feet in width and excepting thereout to the Johnsonburg and Bradford Railroad Company a certain strip as described in Deed from John W. Molander to said Company dated Sept. 24, 1888, containing .83 of an acre.

Second. Part of Warrant No. 2708, BEGINNING at a post in the intersection of the east boundary of land of H. A. Thompson with the south line of the right of way of the New York Lake Erie & Western Coal and Railroad Company, 50 feet from the centre of railroad; thence by said land of Thompson, south 670 feet; thence by north line of right of way of the Big Level and Kinzua Railroad 80 feet from centre of railroad north 75 degrees 15 minutes east 100 feet; north 84 degrees 45 minutes east 100 feet; north 89 degrees east 255 feet; thence by land of John W. Molander in lot 16 north 2 degrees 30 minutes east 777 feet; thence by the south line of right of way of N. Y. L. E. & W. Coal and R. R. Co., 50 feet from centre of railroad south 84 degrees and 15 minutes west 28.6 rods to the place of beginning, CONTAINING, after deducting public road, a net area of 7.78 acres more or less.

Third. Part of Warrant No. 2708; BEGINNING at the northwest corner of lot 18; thence by the north line of right of way of the N. Y. L. E. & W. Coal and R. R. Co., 50 feet from the centre thereof, southwestwardly about 88 rods to the east line of lot A, and of a further distance of 41 rods to intersection with the north line of right of way of the Big Level and Kinzua Railroad; thence by the north line of right of way of the Big Level and Kinzua Railroad (50 feet from the centre thereof) westwardly 33 rods to lands of Clarence Molander in the west half of lot A; thence by said land of Mollander north 3 degrees east 8 rods and north 87 degrees west 60 rods to the northwest corner of lot A; thence by lands of Niles Nelson in lot B, north 8 degrees east 34.53 rods; thence by land of the Enterprise Transit Company, eastwardly 210 rods to place of beginning, CONTAINING 47.6 acres. EXCEPTING therefrom 14 acres conveyed by August Mollander and wife to John Ellison by deed dated June 7, 1895, recorded in Deed Book No. 83, page 470, &c.

The said pieces were conveyed to John W. Molander by deed from Charles H. Hutchinson, et al., Trustees, recorded in Deed Book Vol. 72, page 510, etc. The second by deed from Elisha K. Kane and wife, recorded in Deed Book Vol. 70, page 361, etc., and the third by deed from August Mollander and wife, recorded in Deed Book Vol. 165, page 150, etc., and the said lands are subject to reservations of Coal, Iron, Limestone, Petroleum and Gas as in the said Deeds mentioned.

Improved and having thereon One two story frame dwelling house with an oil attached, a large frame barn and a blacksmith shop, two good water wells and a large young orchard.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John W. Molander at the suit of E. O. Cleveland.

F. D. Gallup, Plaintiff's Attorney.

6

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 2169, being lot No. 34, on the plot of the Park side Land and Improvement Company on the north side of Elm street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the north side of Elm street, 100 feet east of the northeast corner of Elm street and Elk avenue; thence north 150 feet to a post; thence east fifty (50) feet to a post in the west line of lot No. 32; thence south by the west line of said lot No. 33, 150 feet to the said north line of Elm street; thence by the north line of said Elm street, West fifty (50) feet to the place of beginning. Containing 7500 square feet of land, more or less and having thereon erected, one two-story frame dwelling house. Being the same land conveyed by Carrie B. Clark and Fred G. Clark, her husband, to William Gustafson by deed dated the 23rd day of August, A. D. 1904, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 129, page 511, on the 30th day of August, 1904.

Improved and having thereon erected, one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Will Gustafson at the suit of C. L. Okerlind.

R. J. Campbell, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 18, 1907.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 110, February Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Nellie E. Roberts did, on the 21st day of January 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles E. Roberts.

We therefore command you, the said Charles E. Roberts that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of Nellie E. Roberts and show cause, if any you have, why the said Nellie E. Roberts your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 12, 1907.

J. E. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 111, February Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Annie Eurich did, on the 21st of January, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, William Eurich.

We therefore command you, the said William Eurich, that, setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October 1907, to answer the petition or libel of Annie Eurich and show cause, if any you have, why the said Annie Eurich your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 12, 1907.

Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Frank O. Richmond, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Frank O. Richmond, late of the borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

MARY E. RICHMOND, Administratrix.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 9th, 1907.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond,
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Gallup & Bouton,
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M. L. Keenan,
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Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, [illegible]
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